

At 1:37:30 Columbia went on the port tack and stood off to sea again. At 10:45 Shamrock went on the starboard tack and headed in toward the Highlands.

proved himself a gentleman and a sportsman. Mr. Herreshoff has shown himself to be the greatest designer of yachts in the world, and the future possession of the America's Cup by an English yachtsman depends solely upon the ability of English designers to excel him.

"But while, as I have said, I believe the Columbia to be a better boat than Shamrock, I believe that the English will make a boat that will beat her."

should have shown to better advantage

colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best rem-

STOMACH BITTERS

you want to
rid of dyspep
or any stom
ill.

"BUY CHINA & GLASS RIGHT"

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA-RICH CUT GLASS

ALL PRICES IN LEST
FROM EIGHTY-ONE CENTS

50-54 West 22d St. N.Y.C.

 *
 * The Attractions Of Our Stores Are Their Low Prices.
 *
Macy's
 * R. H. Macy and Co.
 *
 Both sides of 14th St. (Running from 13th to 15th St.), Sixth Ave.
 ~~~~~  
**Women's Kid Gloves.**  
 We are showing the newest effects in the widely-known and justly-famed William Fowler and Fosterina brands. They are finished with the latest flat Foster lacing hook. All the popular shades in suede and glaze.  
 Eight-Inch Mousquetaire Foster lacing suede Gloves, tan, mode, brown and black, worth \$1.00; at 74c.  
 Women's Two-clasp French pique Gloves, embroidered backs—tan, red, white pearl and black, worth \$1.24; at 94c.

## Autumn Millinery

The daily throngs show that women of fine taste and wise trading proclivities do not lose sight of this important interest of the Macy business. We feel a worthy pride in this season's display. The Hats are beautiful—representing all the foremost styles—and the prices are distinct triumphs. We want you to come and enjoy the result of our great efforts.

Come, see the exhibit, whether you care to buy or not. You're welcome.

Examine the styles; hear the prices.  
From \$5.00 to \$15.00 may be saved.

**Men's \$5.00 Hats at \$3.99.**

ANNEX.

Genuine J. B. Stetson Alpines—black and brown—made by the celebrated manufacturer this season, sold regularly at \$5.00; our price \$3.99.

**Shirts—Made-to-Order.**

We control the facilities and talent to justify the promise that the Shirts made to measure for you here will bear the test of closest comparison with those made anywhere else. Workmanship and fitting are the two essential points. We guarantee both. A direct importation of fine novelties in percales, chevots and madrases are ready for you to select from. Our prices range one-third less than other Custom Shirt makers charge. That

statement can be easily confirmed.

**\$1.50 Men's Shirts at 94c.**

Men's Laundered Shirts, made in our own factory of the very best percales—stripes and figures on tinted grounds—attached or two pairs detached cuffs. The same quality will cost you \$1.50 elsewhere; our price 94c.

**Men's Night Shirts.**

Men's Night Shirts, made of Utica Nonpareil Muslin, plain or trimmed, cut extra full and long, felled seams throughout, hand-worked button holes, sizes run up to 20, worth 75c; our price 59c.

Men's Night Shirts, made of heavy quality flannelette, neatly trimmed with white braid, pretty designs in stripes and plaids, well made and finished, worth \$1.00; our price **69c**

# Men's Underwear.

A full assortment of Cartwright & Warner's Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers. You know the goods. Nothing remains to be said except that our prices for them are the lowest in town.

We've been waiting for a breeze from the north to post you concerning a lot of German Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers that is here. They are fine, and good, and warmful, and so cheap. Better secure them before Wintry weather.

I & R. Morley's Silk-and-Wool Shirts and Drawers at less than half the cost of importation. The size range is incomplete—that's why we sell them at **\$2.99**

Men's Superfine Merino Shirts and Drawers, medium weight, full regular made. The Shirts have silk fronts: the Drawers have suspender tapes and extra strong gussets in seats, white, gray and tan, worth \$2.00; our price **98c**

Men's Camel's-hair Shirts and Drawers, bound with silk, pearl buttons, suspender tapes and reinforced gussets, worth 85c; our price 59c. **59c**

\*\*\*\*\*

erhune's Wife Had Not Spoken to Him in Twelve Years.

morning, aged about sixty years from typhoid  
fever. For the last twelve years it is said  
at he and his wife had not spoken until  
was ill with his fatal sickness.  
It is said they had differed upon some de-  
tail of management, and ceased to  
speak. Despite this they lived in the same  
house for twelve years. A year ago, Mr.  
Massenet wanted some improvements  
made in the house and ordered the work-  
men to begin. Her husband ordered them  
to stop. His wayward wife left home.  
He lived with her son here until it became  
known her husband would die. Then  
she came, and she and the nurse hid toward  
the last.

**Wife Beater Killed by an Officer.**  
PETERSBURG, Va., Oct. 29.—Yesterday  
tennoon Sheriff Gill of Chesterfield Coun-  
ty killed Weaver in an attempt to ar-  
rest him for wife beating. Weaver struck  
the Sheriff with a gun, and the Sheriff fired  
and killed him.

ever was raising his gun to fire the  
shot him.

**THE WEATHER.**

LOCAL FORECAST.—Fair; warmer; fresh  
winds.

It was reported yesterday from the Middle  
West that the weather was fine and clear.

mountain region, and rain was followed by hot and cooler weather in New England and New York. The North Pacific Coast storm has moved eastward over the region north of Maryland, and a high pressure system extending from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic Coast. To-day the weather will be fair, except in the States of the Upper Missouri Valley and in the North Atlantic Coast, where showers will be frequent.

|               |                                   |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|
| THOMAS.....   | .....".....".....Raymond Overture |
| GORDARD.....  | .....".....".....Kilian Ochestre. |
| WAGNER.....   | .....".....".....Second Mazurka   |
| .....         | .....".....".....".....Tannhauser |
| SCHUMANN..... | .....".....".....Traumerei        |
| BETHOVEN..... | .....".....".....Moonlight Sonata |
| .....         | .....".....".....".....Eucatan    |

in the upper lake region and over the South Atlantic States, and unsettled and cooler weather will continue in the Northwestern States. Along the New England Coast the winds will be fresh northerly to-day, and fresh northeasterly winds will prevail along the Middle and South Atlantic Coasts.

The record of temperature for the twenty-four hours ended at midnight, taken from THE NEW

The Times's thermometer and the thermometer of the Weather Bureau, is as follows:—  
 —Weather Bureau.—TIMES.  
 1888. 1889. 1890. 1891.  
 A. M. . . . . 52 49 50 56  
 . . . . . 51 57 61 60  
 . . . . . 55 62 60 60  
 P. M. . . . . 62 57 62 62  
 . . . . . 67 58 61 61  
 P. M. . . . . 62 55 53 50  
 . . . . . 59 48 48 52  
 P. M. . . . . 50 36 30 36  
 The Times's thermometer is 6 feet above the sea level; that of the Weather Bureau is 285 feet above the sea level.  
 The average temperatures yesterday were as follows:—  
 —Responding House Square . . . . . 58  
 —Weather Bureau . . . . . 50  
 —Corresponding date 1888 . . . . . 50  
 —Corresponding date for last twenty years . . . . . 50  
 The maximum temperature yesterday was 62 degrees at 1:10 P. M. and the minimum 43 degrees at 11:35 P. M. at 6 P. M. it was 58 P. M. it was 64 per cent. and at 8 P. M. 61 per cent.

This is the last day of registration, and the places for registering will be closed at 10 A. M. to-morrow.

The Times's thermometer and the thermometer of the Weather Bureau, is as follows:—  
 —Weather Bureau.—TIMES.  
 1888. 1889. 1890. 1891.  
 A. M. . . . . 52 49 50 56  
 . . . . . 51 57 61 60  
 . . . . . 55 62 60 60  
 P. M. . . . . 62 57 62 62  
 . . . . . 67 58 61 61  
 P. M. . . . . 62 55 53 50  
 . . . . . 59 48 48 52  
 P. M. . . . . 50 36 30 30  
 The Times's thermometer is 6 feet above the sea level; that of the Weather Bureau is 285 feet above the sea level.  
 The average temperatures yesterday were as follows:—  
 —Responding House Square . . . . . 58  
 —Weather Bureau . . . . . 50  
 —Corresponding date 1888 . . . . . 50  
 —Corresponding date for last twenty years . . . . . 50  
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This is the last day of registration, and the places for registering will be closed at 10 A. M. to-morrow.



## The Wanamaker Store Clothing for Men and Boys

MORE men are trying the Wanamaker clothing—and pinning their faith to this clothing store. The garments appeal to careful dressers—they bear the marks of good tailoring, and there is genuine satisfaction in knowing that we take all the risks. If through any accident of manufacture, in mill or shop, there is defect, the loss is ours. It may take time and wear to develop the fault—no matter: time does not count against you. It is a deep-rooted principle of this business that a sale is not completed until we have rendered the purchaser the service we assumed when we took his money.

Men's Winter Overcoats, \$8.50 to \$35—all wool, a hundred per cent. wool, every one of them.  
Boys' Top Coats, all-wool frieze, velvet collar, \$4.50. Ages 4 to 16.

The Raglan is the dressiest short overcoat for boys of 3 to 8, \$7.50; the Surtout the most extremely stylish for boys—ages 4 to 14. Prices \$12 and \$14.

And the whole range of boys' clothing is just as carefully looked after, even to the Knee Trousers at 65c—for ages 3 to 16.

### Dresses and Wraps for Children

Mothers' store—garments for little folks—dresses and wraps with character of their own, and a real and correct juvenile style.

We include the whole line that you have need for—the little playtime dress at \$3 to the party dress at \$90.

Possibly the wraps are the easiest things to judge the stocks by—the sweetest little box coats to the quite elegant long wraps for girls in the teens. We know of no store anywhere that pays more intelligent attention to children's wear. Expensive? Not a bit of it—none as really cheap. And think of the comfort of being able to buy whatever the little folks need, as carefully made as though done under your own supervision—and at fair prices!

### Hats for Children

The pretty little Tam o' Shanters are scarcely Tams at all, for bows and plaits and twists and turns so beautify them as to form something new. \$7 to \$15.

There are lots of the simpler Tam o' Shanters—cheviots, cloth, superfine and wool astrakhan. 65c to \$3—not all prices in each style, but you understand that.

### Men's and Women's Shoes—Bargains

Two shoe stores here—the one holding regular sorts in which we have built up the largest trade in the United States. First floor.

The other, holding such shoes as we find at less than their worth. We sell in both stores the same way—promise satisfactory results, whether the shoe is sold at full price or make. The fifth floor annex is only open when we have real bargains—we make no pretenses.

#### To-day on Fifth Floor—

Men's \$3 shoes at \$1.80—black, stout welted soles.  
Women's Shoes at \$1.40—balance of the bargain lots at \$1.65 to \$2.  
Women's \$3 Winter Oxfords at \$1.75.  
Men's \$1.50 Dolge-felt Room Slippers at \$1.  
Boys' Shoes, \$2 to \$3. Sizes 11 to 2, at \$1.25.  
Girls' Shoes, black kid, \$1.50.

#### Women's and Children's Gloves

The Princess May, The Royale, The Victoria—thoroughly satisfactory gloves of the three qualities demanded. Real kid-skin and made into gloves to our exacting order by the best glove maker in France. All the newest shades. Pique and round seams.  
Princess May, \$1.  
Royale, \$1.50.  
Victoria, \$2.

#### The Lillian Corset

Imported—that by itself means little. Imported especially and exclusively for us—that means we believe in them. Expert judgment, too. Softness, strength, pliancy, firmness, elasticity and enduring shapeliness all at once in the Lillian. Perfect models, in every reasonable size and style. Cost fitting rooms at hand. Some prices:

COUTIL  
\$1.50—White; short; low bust; 2 side steels.  
\$2—White or drab; medium bust; long waist; lace trimmed.  
\$2.50—White; long waist; high bust; gored hips. Black, \$2.75.  
\$3.50—White or drab; extra long; long over hips; close fitting over abdomen. Black satin, \$4.  
\$5.50—White; bias cut; short or long waist; low or high bust; lace trimmed; all-wholeboned. Black satin, \$5.50 and \$6.50.  
BATISTE—Fancy batiste; figured with silk; lace and ribbon trimmed; same models, \$6.50 to \$10.  
SATIN RIBBON—Girdles of broad satin ribbon; exquisitely shaped; wholeboned; front steels plush-lined; finished with ribbon bow; white, pink and blue. \$5.50.

Second floor, Tenth street.

#### Desk Trinkets in Leather

For self; for giving.

Perpetual Calendars; leather holders in warm colors; plain, 15c; mounted with silver, 25c each.  
Round Boxes for rubber bands; entirely covered with leather, stamped in gilt. Regularly 25c; now 10c each.  
Leather Pen Wipers; in bright cases, stamped in gilt; novelty, 25c each.  
Suede Pen Wipers; assorted colors, triangular shapes, silver tipped, 25c each.  
Antique Cases, white and colored, mounted with old-world pictures; containing books for addresses, notes and accounts, 25c each.

Broadway.

#### Personal Silver

If a well-known article is newly made and better made, it is apt to be the best kind of a new thing. Instances—

Manicure Sets, 8 pieces—2 save jars, nail polisher, file, corn and cuticle knives, shoe hook and scissors. In a leather case, \$5.  
Sewing Sets—Scissors, emory, thimble—sterling silver mounted, the thimble all silver—in a heart-shaped box, \$1.  
Cut Glass Puff Boxes, sterling top, \$1.65.  
A good many useful articles at 50c.

Broadway and Tenth street.

Formerly  
A. T. Stewart & Co.,

The Princess May, The Royale, The Victoria—thoroughly satisfactory gloves of the three qualities demanded. Real kid-skin and made into gloves to our exacting order by the best glove maker in France. All the newest shades. Pique and round seams.  
Princess May, \$1.  
Royale, \$1.50.  
Victoria, \$2.

#### Black Silk Waists

Smart, rustling tafeta, lustrous and closely woven. Fall styles, showing every latest innovation. Fastidious in shape and finish. A sweeping variety up to \$16; starting at \$5. This word of the

#### five dollar group

Soft tafeta; body and sleeves of fine upright plaits; flare cuffs; detachable collar.  
Firm, heavy tafeta; full front; bias plaits; yoke and fine plaits in back; flare cuffs; plaited collar.  
Rich and full; front of squares of cording, new intricate design; pointed yokes and plaits in back; pointed sleeves; detachable collar.

Second floor, Fourth avenue.

#### Handkerchiefs

We know of only two other stores in America that will not sell a handkerchief or piece of household linen that has a mite of cotton in it. Think over these facts—  
Cotton has many honest uses, but it is only mixed with linen to cheapen.  
You do not get the benefit of the cheapening, for we sell pure linen to meet every use as cheap as any of the more plausible of the frauds are sold.  
Why do not we and the two other linen stores sell all the handkerchiefs and linens? Either because you are careless or think you are smart enough to pick out an honest piece from a trayful of frauds (and you cannot with certainty) or you do not believe us. But you do believe us, so your only sensible excuse is gone.

Men's Handkerchiefs, 5c a dozen to \$2.75 a piece.

Women's handkerchiefs, 5c a piece to \$12—or \$45 if you pick the finest lace affair.

Main aisle, Broadway.

#### Neckwear—Suspenders—Night Shirts

This is very much a man's store—not merely a handler of men's goods that women might pick up, but a store that men come to and believe in.

We keep pretty fine goods—we are certain to have styles correct in every class of goods we feel called on to handle.

We have a good many inexpensive things, too—there is need for them when they can be had—right and cheap.

More to tell—it shall come in short chapters. These three items to judge by to-day:—

A hundred and eighty dozen new

50c Scarfs at 25c

tecs, puffs, four-in-hands. They came to us at half because the maker contracted for certain deliveries and failed. These as a partial recompense.

Seven hundred and eighty

Silk Suspenders at 50c

Our loss, for these were \$1 to \$2.25 a pair. Rubber gets tender if kept in boxes—shelf wear is harder than the wear you give. We watch stocks and sell at a loss rather than keep goods into the danger limit. If by any mischance a pair of these goes wrong, bring it back.

Night Shirts of domed flannel (cotton); more of the sort that have been most popular; 14 to 18-inch neck. 40c.

Men's Furnishing Goods Store, Ninth street.

Formerly  
A. T. Stewart & Co.,

JOHN WANAMAKER  
Broadway, Fourth Ave.,  
Ninth and Tenth Sts.

### GOLF ON BALTIUSROL LINKS

Miss Terry Defeated Mrs. W. F. Morgan for the Chief Trophy.

### PHILADELPHIA CHAMPION LOST

Miss Cassatt Outplayed by Miss Frances C. Griscom in the Finals for the Consolation Cup.

Golf continued with lively interest by the women yesterday on the Baltusrol Golf Club links at Short Hills, N. J. The contest for the Chief trophy, which was the most important of the day, was decided on the previous day, for only four in the Baltusrol and Consolation Cup series were left to play. All of the rounds in the semi-final contests were close, but the star match in point of excitement was that between Miss Elizabeth Cassatt of Philadelphia and Miss Elizabeth Goffe of Westchester in the consolation event. It was not decided until twenty-two holes had been played, when Miss Cassatt scored the narrow victory of one hole. Miss Frances C. Griscom, another Philadelphia player, defeated Mrs. Shippen of Morris County by three up and one to play.

In the semi-finals for the Baltusrol Cup, the chief trophy, Miss Eunice Terry and Mrs. W. F. Morgan were the survivors. Miss Terry, who was formerly the champion of Ardsley, surprised the home talent by defeating Mrs. Morgan in the final round by five up and three to play. The scores were:

Miss Eunice Terry, Ardsley, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Mrs. W. F. Morgan, Baltusrol, N. J. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Another surprise was the defeat of Mrs. W. F. Morgan by Miss Eunice Terry. The former gave one of the first surprises by defeating the present champion, Miss Underhill. Miss Morgan had Miss Lucy Heron of Cincinnati for her opponent in the semi-final round, and was behind until the last hole was played. The scores were:

Mrs. W. F. Morgan, Baltusrol, N. J. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Eunice Terry, Ardsley, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Lucy Heron, Cincinnati, O. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Frances C. Griscom, Philadelphia, Pa. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Elizabeth Cassatt, Philadelphia, Pa. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Elizabeth Goffe, Westchester, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Eunice Terry, Ardsley, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Mrs. W. F. Morgan, Baltusrol, N. J. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Lucy Heron, Cincinnati, O. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Frances C. Griscom, Philadelphia, Pa. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Elizabeth Cassatt, Philadelphia, Pa. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Elizabeth Goffe, Westchester, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Eunice Terry, Ardsley, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Mrs. W. F. Morgan, Baltusrol, N. J. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Lucy Heron, Cincinnati, O. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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Miss Elizabeth Goffe, Westchester, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Miss Eunice Terry, Ardsley, N. Y. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Mrs. W. F. Morgan, Baltusrol, N. J. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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Miss Elizabeth Cassatt, Philadelphia, Pa. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 6



**INSTRUCTION.**

A preparatory school of the highest character. Primary, classical, scientific, and business departments. Graduates of this school were admitted in June to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and Wesleyan.

Manual training. Systematic daily drill in Gynasium. Athletics.

**Weingart Institute,**  
NO. 6 WEST 84TH STREET.  
TWO DOORS FROM CENTRAL PARK WEST  
Kindergarten, Primary, and Intermediate

**FRIENDS' SEMINARY,**  
16th Street, cor. Rutherford Place, New York  
Fall Term Opening September 29th

**FRIENDS' SCHOOL.**  
102-114 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn.  
Fall Term Opening September 26th

2e RUE  
a 10h 1/2  
recteur.

136TH YEAR.  
**COLUMBIA GRAMMAR SCHOOL**  
34 AND 36 EAST 51ST ST.  
Thorough preparation for COLUMBIA  
UNIVERSITY

**ST. AGATHA—Church School for Girls.** Founded by the N. Y. Protestant Episcopal Women's Society in connection with Trinity Episcopal School. School year open Sept. 11, 1899. For particulars, address the Principal, EMM G. SERING, A. M., 257 West 93d St.

**ST. MARY'S SCHOOL (Episcopal).** U. S. EAST FORTY-SIXTH ST. N. Y. Boarding and Day School for Girls. Collegiate, Preparatory, and Primary Classes. Catholic. For particulars, address the Principal, MRS. J. J. HARRIS, 100 West 46th St.

**LANGUAGES.**

**The Berlitz School of Languages.**  
112 Broadway, New York. 45 Court St., Bklyn.  
Special advantages for Visitors to Paris Exposition.

**FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN.**  
**ITALIAN, Etc.**

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**Miss S. D. Doremus**  
735 Madison Avenue, New York.  
Home and Classes for Special Students.  
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**HAMILTON INSTITUTE**  
45 W. 42d St., Manhattan Sq. North.  
**SCHOOL FOR BOYS.**  
Catalogues sent on application.

**F. L. CORTINA,**  
Academy of Languages.

229-231 Ryer St. N. and 142-140 S. 8th St., B'ham  
All depts. under celebrated Native Specialists

MRS. LESLIE MORGAN'S BOARDING ACADEMY  
Day School for Girls—Kindergarten through College Preparatory. Certificate accepted by all colleges. Reopens September 4th, 13 and 14 West Sixth St., New York.

Miss Roberts, Superior to Miss Walker  
School for Girls—Kindergarten, Primary, Advanced, and College Preparatory Classes. Classes for Boys. A limited number of resident students received. 148 Madison Avenue

PRIVATE TUTORING BY GRADUATE OF

Depew and Dr. Greer, former patrons. A. E. W. CRYST STONE, 316 West 66th St.

**NEW YORK, NEW YORK.**  
The Peabody and Thompson-Sachs, Boarding and Day School for Girls, Opens October 4.  
29, 32, 34 East 57th Street.

**Montpelier Boarding and Day School for Girls.**  
Preparation for the Connecticut students in all arts. Mrs. T. Tilton Greene, 3 West 84th St.

**De LANGEY School for Girls.**  
College preparatory and special courses. Out-door courses in physical training. 71 West 53rd St.

**The Lyon School, E. D. Lyon, Ph.D.**  
576 Fifth Avenue. Prepares for all colleges, scientific schools, and business.

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**THE MISSISSIPPI GIRLS' CLUB FOR GIRLS**  
Riverside Drive, 85th and 86th Streets, New York

**MISS REYNOLDS'S SCHOOL, 66 WEST 45TH STREET.**—Twenty-first year begins Oct. 25; thorough training; girls admitted as special students to regular classes.

**MISS LEPAPON DUPUIS'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**—College preparation. Opens in Kindergarten and primary classes. Reopens Oct. 25th, 40 West 72d St.

**CLASSES FOR GIRLS.**  
307 MADISON AV.  
**MISS EVERDELL AND MISS CARLSON.**

**REV. DR. AND MRS. CHAS. H. GARDNER.**  
Home and D-y School for Girls, 607 5th AV.

**BERKELEY SWIMMING SCHOOL,**  
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**INSTRUCTION—BUSINESS COLLEGES.**

**THE PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,**  
101 East 23d St., Corner 4th Ave.

Yorkers as the Packard Business College.

All the business branches are taught at the Packard School by skilled specialists. Thousands of its graduates are important factors in the business community. These are its references:

**Two Departments—Business and Shorthand.**

Individual instruction. Students may enter at

**Association Business Institute,**  
231 St. and 4th Av., Y. M. C. A. Bld.  
Conducted by prominent business men of New  
York, who take a personal interest in all gradu-  
ates. Students enter at any time. Individual in-  
struction in all commercial studies, exceptional

**INSTRUCTION—MUSICAL.**

**Lachmund Conservatory of Music,**  
13 teachers, 432 W-46th St., near Columbus Av.

**INSTRUCTION—DANCING.**

**T. GEORGE DODSWORTH,**  
12 and 14 Enst 49th Street.  
CLASSES IN THE LATEST DANCES.  
Commencing Saturday, Oct. 21st.

OPAL  
Dr. J.  
y Rec.  
Rev.  
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EXCURSIONS.

AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

WEST POINT. NEWBURGH.

**& POUGH KEEPSIE.**  
GRAND DAILY EXCURSION (Except Sunday)  
BY PALACE IRON DAY-LINE STEAMERS.  
"NEW YORK" and "ALBANY."  
From Brooklyn, Fulton St., (by Annex), 5 A. M.  
Return, 8 P. M.

Returning due in New York 5:30 P. M.  
**MORNING AND AFTERNOON CONCERTS**  
TO AND INCLUDING SAT., OCT. 21ST.  
LAST DOWN TRIP MON., OCT. 23D.

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**PIANOS.**

**The HANDSOMEST CATALOGUE**  
We have just received our TWENTIETH CENTURY CATALOGUE. Replete with musical scenes. We will be pleased to send to all intending piano purchasers. Send name and address.

**KRAKAUER BROS.**

113 East 14th St.

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**At the "Piano Exchange,"**  
105-107 West 33d St., B'way and 6th Av. junction  
52 NEW AND USED PIANOS \$25 UP.

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**FOR SALE.**

**Typewriters**  
**Rented & Sold**

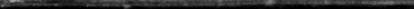
: 1,000 new and second-hand  
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**DRY GOODS.**

GANTS DUCHESSE, GANTS ALBERT, GANTS  
- Lavalliere; three of the best gloves ever made;  
all the newest shades. JAMMES, 4 West 37th St.













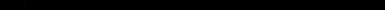








NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Oct. 20.—Her-



W. A. BROD

AD & SON. | Columbus.

1 ap22-law6ms



WITH A VIEW TO THE

**PENNSYLVANIA**  
**RAILROAD.**  
STATIONS FOOT OF WEST TWENTY-THIRD  
STREET AND DESBROSSES AND  
CORTLAND STREETS.  
[ ] The leaving time from Desbrosses and  
Cortland Streets is five minutes later than the  
given below for Twenty-third Street Station, ex-  
cept where otherwise noted.  
**7:55 A. M. EAST MAIL.**—Limited to two Bufr.

Car. Pittsburgh to Chicago. No coaches to Pittsburg.

**5:55 A. M. FAST LINE**—Pittsburg and Cleveland daily.

**6:00 A. M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED**—Via Indianapolis, Man. Compartment Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars. For Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Louis.

**6:55 P. M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS**—Via Louisville, (via Cincinnati.) Indianapolis, Chicago.

**6:55 P. M. WESTERN EXPRESS**—For Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo, Cincinnati.

**7:55 P. M. SOUTH-WEST EXPRESS**—For Pittsburg, Cleveland, Nashville, (via Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Louis.

**7:55 P. M. PACIFIC**—Via St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago. For Knoxville daily via Shenandoah Route. Connects for Cleveland and St. Louis.

**8:00 P. M. WESTERN EXPRESS**—For Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo, Cincinnati.

**WASHINGTON AND THE SOUTH.**  
 7:55 (Dining Car), 8:25, 10:10, (Desbrosses Street 10:10)  
 Cortlandt Street 10:15, (Dining Car), 10:45, 11:15  
 (Dining Car), 10:10, 12:55, 2:10, (Desbrosses  
 Street 2:10, Cortlandt Street 2:15), 2:35, (3:25)  
 "Congressional Lim., all Parlor and Dining  
 Cars.) 4:25, (Dining Car.) 4:55, (Dining Car.  
 8:05 P. M., 12:10 night, Sunday, 8:25, 9:25,  
 10:10, (Dining Car.) 12:10 night, Sunday,  
 "Congressional Lim., all Parlor and Dining  
 Cars.) 4:25, (Dining Car.) 4:55, (Dining Car.  
 8:05 P. M., 12:10 night, Sunday.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Express, 2:55, 4:25 P. M.,**  
 12-10 night daily.

**NORTHEASTERN RAILWAY—For**  
 Memphis and New Orleans, 2:55 P. M., daily.

and 8:55 M. daily.  
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.—4:50 P. M. daily.  
FOR OLD POINT COMFORT AND NORFOLK.  
7:55 A. M. week days and 7:55 P. M. daily.  
Atlantic City, 11:15 A. M. and 11:15 P. M. week  
brosses Street 2:10 P. M. Cortlandt Street 2:10  
P. M.) Through Vestibuled Train, Buffet Par  
Car, Pullman Sleeping Car, and Combined Coach  
CAPE MAY.—12:55 P. M. week days.  
For points on New York and Long Branch Rail  
road, 1:15 P. M. week days and 1:15 P. M. Sun  
8:55 A. M., 12:40, 3:25, and 5:10 P. M. week  
days, 9:25 A. M. and 4:55 P. M. (from Desbrosses  
Street) on Sundays, 12:40, 3:25, and 5:10 P. M.  
Sundays, 9:45 A. M. and 5:15 P. M. (from Cortlandt  
Street) 9:00 A. M. and 12:45, 3:38, and 6:10 P.  
M. Sundays.  
FOR PHILADELPHIA.  
6:10 (Desbrosses and Cortlandt Streets 6:20,  
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EL 10-10 Desbrosses Street 10-10 Cortlandt Street  
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11-57.5 M. 12-55 2-10, (Desbrosses) (Dining Car)  
Cortlandt Street 2-15; 2-55, 3-55, 4-25, 4-26, (Dining Car)  
Car) 7-55, 8-55 P. M. 12-10 night, (Desbrosses) (Dining Car)  
7-55, 8-55, 9-25, 9-35, (Limited), 9-55, (Dining Car)  
10-55, (Dining Car) 11-55, 12-55, 1-55, 1-55, (Dining Car)  
Line Car) 2-55, 3-55, 4-25, (Dining Car) 7-55, 8-55 P. M.,  
12-10

Ticket offices Nos. 461, 944, 1,190, 1,254, 111, and 201 Broadway; 1 Astor House, West Twenty-ninth Street; 100 Lexington Avenue, Desbrosses and Cortlandt Streets; 860 Fulton Street, 98 Broadway, and Pennsylvania Station, New York City. The New York Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and restaurants.  
Telephone "914 18th Street" for Pennsylvania

**J. B. HUTCHINSON.** General Manager.  
**J. R. WOOD.** General Pass't Agent.

# CENTRAL R. R. OF NEW JERSEY

Anthracite coal used exclusively.

Four tracks, "Electro-Pneumatic" Signals.  
Stations in New York foot of Liberty St.  
and South Ferry, Whitehall St.  
Leaving time from South Ferry (foot White-  
hall St.) is five minutes earlier than that given  
below for Jersey City except as noted.

On and after Oct. 10, 1916:

Trains leave foot of Liberty St.  
for East River terminals—Albany, Mauch  
Chunk, &c., 4:30, 7:15, 9:10 A.M.; 12:00 P.M.  
to Easton.] 1:30, 4:00, 6:25, 8:50, 9:30 to Easton.

7:10 W. 3:30 P. M. Kingston, and Scranton. \*4:00.  
 9:10 A. M. 3:30 P. M. Sundays. \*3:30 A. M.  
 For Reading and Harrisburg at \*4:00. \*4:30.  
 For Philadelphia at \*4:30. \*5:00. \*5:30.  
 4:30. 4:40. 5:00. (\*9:00 to Reading) P. M. 12:15  
 12:30. Sundays. \*4:30. (\*10:30 to Reading) A. M.  
 12:15. 12:30. 6:00. (\*10:30 to Reading) P. M.  
 12:15. 12:30.

**ALL RAIL ROUTE.**  
 For stations between New York and Long Branch  
 R. R. \*4:30. (\*5:50 to Red Bank only) 8:30. 11:30.  
 A. M. 1:45 to Red Bank only. \*4:15. 4:40. 6:25.  
 6:50. 7:15. 7:40. (\*10:15 to Red Bank only)  
 A. M. 4:30 P. M.  
 For Lakewood. Toms River, and Barnegat.  
 \*4:15. 4:40. 5:00. 5:30. 6:00. A. M. Sundays.  
 \*10:15 A. M.

**VIA MATAWAN.**  
 For stations between New York, Highlands  
 and East Long Branch. \*4:30. 6:30 and 11:30. Atten-

(10-35 and 3-26 Atlantic Highlands only.) P. M.  
 Sundays, 9:00 A. M., 5:00 P. M.  
**W. B. RICHARDS.**  
 For stations between East Long Branch and  
 Highlands of Navesink. 4:30, 8:30, 11:30 A. M.,  
 4:40, 8:40 P. M.  
**ROYAL BLUE LINE.**  
 FOR PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND  
 WASHINGTON.  
 From foot of Liberty St.  
 Week days, 5:00, 6:30, 10:00, (11:30, Dining  
 Car.) A. M., 3:30, 6:00, 9:30, 11:30, 3:00, Royal  
 Blue Limited, 5:00, (6:00, Dining Car.) P. M.,  
 12:15 mtd. Sundays, 4:30, 5:00, (11:30, Dining  
 Car.) A. M., 3:30, 6:00, (2:30, Dining Car.) P. M.,  
 12:15 mtd. (3:00, Dining Car.) P. M., 12:15 mtd. Ad-  
 ditional trains for Philadelphia week days, 7:30,  
 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00 P. M.  
 Sundays, 3:30 A. M., 4:00, 9:00 P. M.

St. Whitehall Sts. 113, 172, 261, 434, 944,  
284, 354 Broadway, 737, 7th Ave. St. Union  
West 43, 45, 52, 52b Sts. 273 West 125th  
St. 24 Columbus Av. Brooklyn 4 Court St.  
Fulton St. Brooklyn 28 West 125th  
St. Williamsburg New York Transfer Co. will  
call for and check baggage from hotels or residences  
to destination.  
From Liberty St. only  
From South Ferry at 5:25 P. M.  
From South Ferry at 6:35 P. M.  
From South Ferry at 9:35 P. M.

# NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Trains arrive and depart from Grand Central  
Station, 42d Street, New York, as follows:

|                                                  |                           |            |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------|
| 8:00 a.m.                                        | ...Frasco Line Express    | 6:25 p.m.  |
| 8:00 a.m.                                        | ...Fast Mail              | 6:25 p.m.  |
| 8:43 a.m.                                        | ...Fast Mail              | 10:00 a.m. |
| 1:00 p.m.                                        | ...Day Express            | 7:00 p.m.  |
| 1:00 p.m.                                        | ...Rutland Express        | 7:00 p.m.  |
| 1:30 p.m.                                        | N. Y. & Chicago Special   | 1:30 p.m.  |
| 6:00 p.m.                                        | Southwestern Limited      | 6:00 p.m.  |
| 6:30 p.m.                                        | ...Albany Flyer           | 11:00 a.m. |
| 6:35 p.m.                                        | Albany Special            | 12:00 p.m. |
| 6:40 p.m.                                        | ...Day Express            | 7:00 p.m.  |
| 8:25 p.m.                                        | Albany Shore Limited      | 6:30 p.m.  |
| 6:00 p.m.                                        | Western Express           | 8:15 p.m.  |
| 6:00 p.m.                                        | ...Day Express            | 7:00 p.m.  |
| 7:30 p.m.                                        | Adirondack & Montreal Ex. | 8:20 p.m.  |
| 8:00 p.m.                                        | ...Pan-American Express   | 7:30 p.m.  |
| 8:00 p.m.                                        | ...Buffalo Express        | 7:00 p.m.  |
| 9:15 p.m.                                        | ...Pacific Express        | 6:00 a.m.  |
| 12:10 a.m.                                       | Midnight Express          | 1:00 a.m.  |
| 12:10 a.m.                                       | ...Day Express            | 7:00 p.m.  |
| Sundays only. Saturdays only. Daily, except Sat- |                           |            |

**HARLEM DIVISION.**  
 12 A. M. and 2:35 P. M. Daily, except Sunday,  
 to Pittsfield; Sundays only at 9:20 A. M.  
 Wagner Express to New York.  
 Trains illuminated with Pintsch Light.  
 Ticket offices at 123, 261, 413, and 1,216 Broad-  
 way, New York, and 123 West 42d Street, New  
 York.  
 Leave 123d St., 123d St. Station, and 134th St.  
 Station, New York, 2:38 and 7:26 P. M., and  
 10:46 P. M., respectively.  
 To telephone 4950 Cortlandt; for New York  
 Central Cab Service, Baggage checked from  
 Central Cab, New York, to West 42d St.  
**GEORGE H. DANIELS, Gen. Passenger Agent.**

**WEST SHORE R. R.**  
 Trains leave Franklin St. Station, N. Y., as  
 follows:

1115 A. M. (W. 42nd St., 439 A. M.) Catskill, Saratoga, and Mohawk Express.  
12:45 P. M. CONTINENTAL LIMITED. For Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. Dining car.  
5:45 P. M. Albany and Montreal Express.  
5:45 P. M. (W. 42d St., 615 P. M.) Chicago and Buffalo.  
5:45 P. M. Buffalo and Niagara Falls Express.  
9:15 P. M. Detroit and Chicago Express.  
10:15 P. M. Day excursions, Sunday.  
C. Leaves Brooklyn Annex. D. 10:45 A. M. C. 12:30 P. M. Jersey City P. R. R. Station. B. 10:15 P. M. Jersey City P. R. R. Station. Time table at principal hotels and offices. Baggage checked from hotel or residence by West-  
F. L. FLETCHER, General Passenger Agent, N. Y.

**SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 14, 1899.**

**FOR THE WEST.**

Leave New York, Sunday Ferry, (Whitehall Terminal) at 6 A.M. Liberty Street Time shown from South Ferry, Leave Liberty Street 3 minutes later.

(Except Sunday.                  [Sunday.]

CINCINNATI, \*4:20 A. M., (Liberty Street only.)  
25 P. M., and \*12:10 night.  
PITTSBURGH, \*7:00 A. M., (Liberty Street only.)  
5:55 P. M., \*12:10 night.  
CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS, \*9:35 A. M., 5:35 P. M., and \*12:10 night.

**ROYAL BLUE TRAINS.**

DENVER, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, \*9:25 A. M., (Liberty Street), \*12:25 P. M., (Liberty Street).  
PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, DENVER, \*11:25 A. M., (Liberty Street), \*12:25 P. M., (Diner), (\*Royal Limited -  
Exclusive Pullman Train, Dinner, \*12:25 P. M., (Diner), \*3:35 P. M., (Diner), and \*12:10 night (\*Royal Limited, \*12:25 P. M., (Diner).

\*Time through Chicago.

Offices: 113, 172, 261, 434, 1,284 Broadway, 25 Union Sq. W., 127 Bowery, N. Y.; 339 and 1,188 Fulton St., Brooklyn; Whitehall Terminal and Liberty St. Baggage checked from hotel or residence to destination.

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## LORD MAYOR AT CITY HALL

Dublin's Municipal Head Formally Visits Mayor Van Wyck.

## MR. REDMOND PAYS RESPECTS

Explains the Parnell Monument Plan, and New York's Executive Contributes a Generous Sum.

The Right Hon. Daniel Tallon, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and John E. Redmond, M. P., escorted by Councilman Stewart M. Brice, paid a visit to Mayor Van Wyck yesterday afternoon. The party which accompanied the Lord Mayor included Messrs. Parnell, Kennedy, P. J. Cody, William McLaughlin, David J. Naughton, H. G. Bannon, Justice James A. O'Gorman, Edward Flaherty, John E. Fitzgerald, W. H. Walker, and William J. Brennan.

The party drove in carriages to the south front of the City Hall, whence they were led by Councilman Brice and a number of Aldermen into the Mayor's office, where other members of the Municipal Assembly and several city officials had gathered in anticipation of the visit. The Lord Mayor wore his gold chain of office, to which was attached a large medal. This insignia apparently aroused jealous feelings in the breasts of some of the local legislators, one of whom remarked that "members of the Municipal Assembly ought to wear some such chain as that."

Mayor Van Wyck received Lord Mayor Tallon warmly and greeted Mr. Redmond as an old friend. Speaking to Mr. Redmond, the Mayor inquired the object of the present visit.

"Our object," said Mr. Redmond, "is to raise funds for the erection of a monument to Parnell. We believe that the project is one that appeals to Americans as well as Irishmen. Parnell's mother was the daughter of a Commodore in the British navy, and this struggle on behalf of his country and the cause of liberty gained for him the admiration of Americans. In addition to the building of a monument in O'Connell Street, we want to purchase the old Parnell home at Avonlea."

"Parnell died in an embarrassed circumstance, owing to his having spent his income in the cause to which he devoted himself, and the estate he left behind him was not intended to be used for the purpose of erecting a monument to him. It is to be purchased by the tenants, who are to be paid for the old home which has been in the Parnell family for years. We intend to purchase and turn over to the Parnell family as long as any of them are alive. If they should die out, it would be sold for the erection of the monument and the purchase of the property. The monument is to be at one end of the main thoroughfare of Dublin. O'Connell's monument is at the other end."

"I have never been in Dublin," Mayor Van Wyck said, "but I know it is a very beautiful city."

"Let me introduce a man who has been in Dublin," said Mr. Brice, "bringing forward Sheriff Dunn."

"I am glad to meet you, my Lord," said the Sheriff, "I am a native of Ireland and I have been here for many years."

"As an evidence of my sympathy in the cause I will contribute \$100."

Lord Mayor Tallon and Mr. Redmond then shook hands with Mayor Van Wyck and the party withdrew. After a visit to the Governor's Room and the Chambers of the Council and Board of Aldermen, the Lord Mayor and resumed their drive about the city.

The Lord Mayor was seen at the Hoffman House by a Times reporter in the afternoon. He said:

"I am delighted with the city. It is the finest I ever visited. After inspecting the city hall, the city hall, and the city hall, we went to the city hall, where we visited the city hall and the city hall."

"At the Navy Yard Rear Admiral Philip treated us most cordially and a salute of 21 guns was fired in our honor. Under the guidance of Lieut. Commander Mulligan we inspected the gunboat, the gunboat, and the gunboat."

"I was very much pleased to meet Capt. Dikens. I met him in 1883 at Queenstown, and a little later was present when the Mayor of Cork presented him with some cut glass."

**SUIT AGAINST JAMES McMAHON.**  
Bank President's Son Wants an Accounting of His Mother's Estate.

James McMahon, President of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, who lives at 87 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, is being sued in the Supreme Court by his son, Henry E. McMahon, for an accounting with respect to the estate of the plaintiff's mother, Mrs. McMahon, who died in 1885.

Catherine McMahon, died in May, 1885, of property at 87 McDonough Street, said to be worth \$50,000, was in her name. She left no will, and under the law her property would descend to her six children, her husband, James McMahon, having the right to use the estate as long as he lived.

The plaintiff says that on July 2, 1885, his father secured from the bank the other heirs a conveyance of all their interest in the property for \$1 and love and affection, promising to leave the house and furniture to his children at his death.

In violation of this promise, the plaintiff claims, on Jan. 25, 1890, his father sold the sixty-four years old, married Rose McMahon, then inheriting the property with the dower right, to the plaintiff, Henry E. McMahon, for \$1 and love and affection, and on March 31, 1890, his father sold the house and grounds for \$20,000, and on Oct. 1, 1890, paid an additional mortgage of \$5,000 on the property.

In his answer the elder McMahon denies all knowledge of any such agreement as the plaintiff says exists.

## LAWYER MASHBIR SUSPENDED.

Decision of Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Connection with Charges of Malpractice.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court yesterday directed the suspension for two years of Elizabeth S. Mashbir, a lawyer, for charges of "deceit and malpractice in swearing to and submitting for taxation a false and fraudulent bill of costs, and in subsequently making and submitting two other false and fraudulent affidavits in connection with the same matter."

The charges were made by the plaintiff, a merchant, who had been called to the false statements contained in the said bill of costs. Petition for the disbarment of Mashbir was made by the Bar Association in connection with suits against the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American Line for damages for the loss of baggage.

The Court dismissed two other charges, which, it is said, were far graver than the first, and if sustained, would certainly call for disbarment. The charges were: "There is, we must say, evidence tending, and with some force, to support the charge of malpractice in the conduct of the case, and of the conflict with respect to their testimony, we do not feel that the charges are so serious as to justify conviction. The case upon this head may well be said to inspire a reasonable doubt of the charges, and, although this is not technically a criminal trial, we cannot but think that the serious consequences of the deprivation for life of a man's vocation should only result from grave and established beyond a reasonable doubt."

## VANDERBILT WILL PLEASES ALL

Sensor Depeus Says Only Business Reasons Delay the Probate.

Sensor Chauncey M. Depeus said last night that the will of Cornelius Vanderbilt would not be probated before next week. In answer to an inquiry as to whether the young Cornelius Vanderbilt would contest the provisions of his father's will, Senator Depeus said:

"The talk about the will being unsatisfactory to Cornelius Vanderbilt is nonsense. There will be no contest. The delay in probating the will is due to business reasons; the relations between the members of the family are all right."

## WEDDING ON THE NEW ORLEANS.

Dr. Plummer Becomes a Bridegroom Before Leaving for Manila.

When Dr. R. W. Plummer, a surgeon attached to the Marine Hospital at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was assisted to the cruiser New Orleans a few days ago he found himself in a distressing situation. On the one hand duty called him, on the other love.

The New Orleans was preparing to sail for Manila, and Dr. Plummer, who had his duty to Manila, but he knew as well that his heart was straining in the direction of Dayton, Ohio. In Dayton, Miss Lillian C. Butts, ignorant of the doctor's assignment, was happily preparing for a wedding to come off during the winter, and in which she and the doctor were to figure in the principal roles.

The wedding apparently being out of the question for the time, the doctor and his bride-to-be telegraphed his affianced to come to Brooklyn and see him off for the Philippines. Miss Butts arrived on Thursday, and called to see Dr. Plummer on board the New Orleans. The doctor and his affianced had a long and happy talk, and suddenly had an inspiration.

"Let's get married now," he said enthusiastically. "I am going to Manila, and I want you to go with me. I have a few moments before an interesting wedding party, including Rear Admiral Philip, who is going to Manila, and a Captain Longnecker of the New Orleans. But for traveling agents or agents resident abroad a speaking knowledge of at least two of these languages is desirable. The knowledge should be acquired at the secondary school."

The following list of subjects is by no means complete, but may serve to give a general idea of the diversity and difficulty of the subjects appropriate to superior commercial education. Economics, statistics, banking, currency, exchange, insurance, Government, maritime, transportation by land and water, commercial geography, shipping, and the like.

The cruiser New Orleans will leave the Navy Yard for Manila this morning.

## LEGAL NOTES.

**RULING AS TO DAMAGES.**—Thora Scott retained an attorney for damages on the trial of her suit against Charles Barker for an injury which she received by falling into a coalhole in front of Mr. Barker's premises. The First Appellate Division has directed a reversal, because of an erroneous ruling on the judge of damages. Mrs. Scott was awarded by a physician for a period of some period, but no evidence was given as to the value of these services. The Court was asked on behalf of the defendant to charge that there was no evidence in the case which would warrant the jury in awarding damages for money loss, past or future; to which the judge refused to assent.

**THE LABOR LAW.**—The Reform Club of Masons and Plasterers, L. A., 700, Knights of Labor of the City of New York, in a proceeding before Judge Gleason, in the Supreme Court, Special Term, yesterday, sought to restrain interference with its members by the Laborers' Union Protective Association. Justice Gleason denied the motion, saying the case involved no more than the right of the defendant to sue the members of the plaintiff association, under the contract which they had made, and the expressed refusal would be a case of dismissal of the latter class. This, he said, would amount to a conspiracy to deprive an employment under all circumstances, and in the absence of instances of intimidation, or of false statements, or of the character of the laborers affected, the case dismissed.

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## THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

## BROADWAY &amp; 11TH ST.

## MISSIE SUITS.

Stone, grey, iron grey, blue, Sienna brown, or black homespun.

Coats,—cut in the latest fashion, short, with lapped seams, fly-front, single breasted.

Demi-habit back Skirts. Lined throughout with fine quality Taffetas.

14, 16 and 18 Years' Sizes. \$17.50 Each.

JAMES MCCREERY & CO., Broadway and 11th St.

Which is safer to carry, an overcoat or a cold?

Here's every good sort of overcoat, \$10 to \$50; very bobby, half-and-half, or long; light, medium or heavy weight.

Maybe we're too far in advance; but we must head the procession.

Greens are coming in—following "in the wake" of the Shamrock.

Six patterns of that kind now in stock, sack coats or walking coats; \$28 to \$32.

And everything else man or boy wears.

ROGERS, PEET & CO., 250 Broadway, cor. Leonard.

EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS.

President Eliot of Harvard and Other College Men Discuss the Needs for Mercantile Training.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.—College men participated in the proceedings of the Commercial Congress to-day. "Commercial Education" was the general subject, and it was treated in admirable fashion by the speakers. Seth Low, President of Columbia University, presided, and Charles Eliot, Harvard's President, made one of the most interesting addresses of the day, saying in part:

"I ask your attention for a few moments to the chief features of a commercial education capable of preparing men and women for much more than clerical service and much more than narrow retail training. An indispensable element in the training I have in view is a sound secondary education—that is, an education in a first-rate school, public, endowed, or private, which occupies the whole school time of the pupil from thirteen or fourteen till eighteen years of age. This secondary education should include the modern languages—an essential part of a good preparation for the higher walks of business life. It may or may not include Latin and Greek. For the purpose of the present, I have in view is a sound secondary education—that is, an education in a first-rate school, public, endowed, or private, which occupies the whole school time of the pupil from thirteen or fourteen till eighteen years of age. 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# The New York Times.

## SATURDAY REVIEW OF BOOKS AND ART.

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### Topics of the Week.

The literature on South Africa is rapidly augmenting, particularly in England. Here, however, we have what may be considered as the authoritative story of the Boer's side as well as that of the English, together with plenty of fiction. Mr. Hillegas in "Oom Paul's People," published by D. Appleton & Co., gives a pretty clear idea of the situation from a Boer point of view. Mr. James Bryce, in his "Impressions of South Africa," does the same for the British. "Severed from Europe and its influences 200 years ago," writes the author of "The American Commonwealth," "they have in some of the elements of modern civilization gone back rather than forward. \* \* \* Their usual term (when they talk among themselves) for an Englishman is 'rotten egg.' This hatred is mingled with a contempt for those whom they defeated at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill, and with a fear born of a sense that the English are their superiors in knowledge, in activity, and in statecraft." This work is published by The Century Company. E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the publication of a tale of the Transvaal by George Hansby Russell, entitled "Under the Sjabok." This story deals with the race question from an English point of view. Nor is poetry lacking on the subject, for the November number of McClure's Magazine will contain some verses by Rudyard Kipling called "The King."

In England Messrs. Longman & Co. have in active preparation Mrs. Lionel Phillips's "South African Recollections," which is a record of the author's experiences at the time of the Jameson raid. Mr. Heinemann will also presently bring out a volume entitled "The Transvaal from Within." This last is particularly valuable, as its author, Mr. FitzPatrick, the Secretary of the Johannesburg Reform Committee at the time of the Jameson raid, has kept a private record of the affairs of the South African Republic from that time

on. In "The Transvaal from Within" he intends to show the whole position and attitude of the Uitlanders, with facts and documents which have never yet appeared in print.

The death of William H. Appleton would have fallen with greater shock among authors, the reading public, and publishers generally had it occurred a quarter of a century ago. Ere now his work had been completed and its perpetuation had been assured and placed in safe hands. To him, the last survivor of a distinguished circle of early American publishers, and to the founders of the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, Harper & Brothers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and Dodd, Mead & Co. belonged the distinction of having shaped those tendencies which, working through more than half a century, and stimulated later on by The Century Co., Henry Holt & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., not to name the important impulse contributed by those great English houses, the Macmillan Company and the Messrs. Longmans, were to make this city the greatest publishing centre on the continent. The man who has just died belonged to another age. He knew intimately Thomas Moore, the elder Murray, Thackeray, Halleck, and Bryant; he antedated even the Boston and Cambridge circle in its riper days. What he stood for has now become a tradition. But it is a tradition that is indelibly fixed in American bookmaking, shaping its most worthy destinies. It must have been no trifling source of pleasure to him that he lived to see it so.

Harper & Brothers are about to bring out a special subscription biographical edition of the complete writings of William Makepeace Thackeray, edited by the author's daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. This will be printed from the same plates that were used in the monumental "Biographical Thackeray," the only difference being that it will be issued in twice the number of volumes. As is well known, the "Biographical Thackeray" contains many hitherto unpublished letters, sketches, and drawings derived from the author's original manuscripts and notebooks, and is the most complete and profusely illustrated edition ever published. The same house presents next week the first volume of the Hawthorn edition of the "Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë."

The first volume of "How England Saved Europe," being the story of the Great War, 1793-1815, will be published before the end of the month by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author is W. H. Fitchett. The first volume begins with the march of the Guards from London on Feb. 25, 1793, and ends with the return of Bonaparte from Egypt after his failure before Acre. The subsequent installments of the work, which will extend to four volumes, will appear at short intervals. In brief, the work covers the part that England played in European politics and on the battlefield from Flanders to St. Helena. Among the many interesting features will be facsimiles of a sketch of the battle of the Nile by Nelson himself, and an autograph letter from Wellington to Beresford never before published. The work will be presented simultaneously in this country and in England. The London publishers are Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. It is not too much to say that "How England Saved Europe" promises to be one of the most important historical works of the season. It is so regarded in England.

The Century Magazine will present two important series of illustrated articles during 1900. Mr. Richard Whiteing, the author of "No. 5 John Street," will write a series of papers on modern life in Paris, illustrated by André Castaigne. This series will run during the period of the exposition. Sir Walter Besant will write the other series, illustrated by Phil May and Joseph Pennell, which will be on "Life in the East End of London." It will be recalled that Sir Walter's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" brought about the erection of the great People's Palace. He is probably more familiar with his subject than any other English writer.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have arranged for the publication, through their New York and London houses, of an important work on forestry by Dr. Ernest Bruencken, who was Secretary of the State Forestry Commission of Wisconsin. It is a popular exposition of the subject, as far as American forestry goes, and is to be entitled "North American Forests and Forestry." Dr. Bruencken has devoted chapters to a history of the growth of forests in America, to the lumber industry, to the disappearance of forests, and to the measures proposed or now being taken to preserve and propagate trees. He writes in a graceful, interesting style that will go far to make popular a subject which is of such vital importance to this country, but concerning which, unfortunately, few persons know anything and care less.

### VICTOR HUGO.

#### His Memoirs as Edited by Paul Meurice.\*

Paul Meurice, in his preface to the Hugo Memoirs, states that the volume has a double character—historical and intimate; that the book is neither a continuous biography nor a record of events in logical order, but rather the haphazard setting down of striking incidents and occurrences in Victor Hugo's long life:

The life of a period, the nineteenth century, is bound up in the life of a man—Victor Hugo. As we follow the events set forth we get the impression they made upon the mind of the extraordinary man who recounts them; and of all the personages he brings before us he himself is assuredly not the least interesting. In portraits from the brushes of Rembrandt there are always two portraits—that of the model and that of the painter. \* \* \* Victor Hugo's long and checkered life was filled with experiences of the most diverse character—literature and politics, the Court and the street, Parliament and the theatre, labor, struggles, disappointments, exile and triumphs.

Meurice reminds us that at first Hugo was entirely the poet, and busied with purely literary work, especially for the theatre. To this period belongs "The Cid" and "Hernani," "with its stormy performances"; the actors with whom he was so closely connected, Mlle. Mars, Mlle. Georges, and Frederick Lemaître, and his great interest in the Academy and its circles. "Visions of the Real" comes next, which is probably the strongest and most interesting portion of the book; especially "The Hovel," "Pillage," and "Easter Daisy," all strongly Hugoish and in his very best manner. "Love in Prison" deals with social questions in a very strong but not quite attractive manner.

Victor Hugo entered public life through the Chamber of the Peers, and became well known at the Tuilleries and a favorite of Louis Philippe. We are told that "the King, with his very haughty bonhomie and his somewhat infatuated wisdom, the grave and sweet Duchess d'Orléans, the bolsterous and amiable Princes, the whole commonplace and homelike Court, are depicted with kindness and sincerity." But the times are stormy, and from 1846 the new peer of France sees the conditions growing worse and worse, until the Revolution of 1848 breaks out:

Nothing could be more thrilling than the account, hour by hour, of the events of the three days of February. Victor Hugo is not merely a spectator of this great drama, he is an actor in it. He is in the streets, he makes speeches to the people, he seeks to restrain them; he believes with too good reason that the republic is premature, and in the Place de la Bastille before the revolutionary Faubourg St. Antoine, he dares to proclaim the Regency.

Four months later comes the insurrection of June, with the downfall of the republic. The year 1848 is decidedly stormy, but in all the events of that year Hugo takes a prominent part. He describes for us the arrival in Paris of Louis Bonaparte to assume the Presidency of the republic—awkward, affected, unpopular with all—telling us of the inauguration dinner and the amicable relations at first existing between him and the future Emperor, "who was to inflict twenty years of exile upon him." Then follows what Hugo has called "The Terrible Year," the war and the siege of Paris. This portion of the volume is from extracts from Hugo's notebooks as jotted down from day to day:

They do not constitute an account of the oft-related episodes of the siege, but tell something new, the little side of great events, the little incidents of every-day life; the number of shells fired into the city and what they cost, the degrees of cold, the price of provisions, what is being said, sung, and eaten, and at the same time give the psychology of the great city, its illusions, revolts, wrath, anguish, and also its gaiety; for during these long months Paris never gave up hope and preserved a heroic cheerfulness.

The diary kept during the meeting of the Assembly at Bordeaux is less cheerful, "France is not only vanquished, she is mutilated," and Hugo withdraws from the Assembly, which has agreed to indorse the treaty of Frankfurt:

Three days after his resignation he sees Charles Hugo, his eldest son, die a victim to the privations of the siege. He is stricken at once in his love of country and in his paternal love, and one can say that in these painful pages, more than in any of the others, the book is history that has been lived.

Mr. Meurice's preface, from which the above extracts have been made, is so much more connected, so much more coherent as a whole, than is the memoir itself, that no excuses need be made for so quoting from it. Much of the memoir is of the greatest interest, but as a whole it is sketchy and fragmentary; much of it would seem to have been jotted down as memoranda for future expansion. And yet the book is full of the most characteristic bits, sentences, or whole paragraphs that no one but Hugo could have written.

The book opens with an account of the coronation of Charles X. at Rheims, every word of which is of great interest. It was at this coronation that Charles

\*THE MEMOIRS OF VICTOR HUGO. With a preface by Paul Meurice. Translated by John W. Harding. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company, Publishers. 1899. \$2.50.



Nodier really introduced Hugo to the Shakespeare, whom so few Frenchmen know. Nodier also found at this time one of the three copies in existence of the "Romancero," giving the ragpicker in whose basket it was found five francs; a copy of the same having sold a few years ago for 7,500f. All three copies are badly worn eaten, but Nodier was almost speechless with joy at his lucky find. The most interesting portion of this chapter, however, is Hugo's description of "his Majesty the Cat."

Rheims is a proverb in Gothic Christian art. One speaks of the "nave of Amiens," the bell tower of Chartres, the façade of Rheims. \* \* \* This cathedral of Rheims is beautiful above all cathedrals. On the façade are Kings, on the apsis people being put to the torture by executioners, coronation of Kings, with an accompaniment of victims. The façade is one of the most magnificent symphonies ever sung by that music architecture; one dreams for a long time before this cratorio.

Hugo also gives an account of certain characteristic details connected with the execution of Louis XVI., which were told him by an eye witness. The scaffold was erected between "the pied-d'estal and the Champs Elysées," the pedestal having once been used for a statue of Louis XV.:

Let it be noted en passant that this strange place, which had been called successively the Place Louis XV., Place de la Révolution, Place de la Concorde, Place Louis XVI., Place du Garde-Meuble, and Place de Champs Elysées, and which could not retain any name, could not keep any monument either. It has had the statue of Louis XV., which disappeared; an expiatory fountain, which was to have laved the bloody centre of the Place, was projected, but not even the first stone was laid; a rough model of a monument to the charter was made—we have never seen anything but the socle of this monument. Just when a bronze figure representing the charter of 1814 was about to be erected, the Revolution of July arrived, with the charter of 1830. The pedestal of Louis XVIII. vanished, as fell the pedestal of Louis XV. Now, on this same spot, we have placed the Obelisk of Sesostris. It required thirty centuries for the Great Desert to engulf half of it; how many years will the Place de la Révolution require to swallow it up altogether?

Hugo describes the scaffold a few steps behind the ruins of this pedestal:

Imagine, now, in the middle of the Place, these two lugubrious things, \* \* \* the pedestal of Louis XV., and the scaffold of Louis XVI.; that is to say, the ruins of royalty dead and the martyrdom of royalty living. \* \* \* Strange excess of abasement and misery; the son of so many Kings, bound and sacred like the Kings of Egypt, was to be consumed between two layers of quicklime, and to this French royalty, which at Versailles had had a throne of gold, and at St. Denis sixty sarcophagi of granite, there remained but a platform of pine and a wicker coffin.

The arrival of the Emperor in Paris March 20, 1815, is also described, many details not generally known being given on the authority of men who witnessed the arrival. Outside its value from a historical standpoint, the "Visions of the Real" is by far the most interesting portion of the book. In "The Hovel" Hugo first describes the old house as one would like to find it, the old house of poetry and romance, the roof full of crevices, but with a flower in full bloom in each; tiles patched with thatch, making the roof bright with flowers; grass up to the bottom of the wall, and ivy covering everything. "All nature takes pity on this degraded thing you call a hovel and welcomes it." On the other hand, Hugo describes the hovel as it is often found—"the building of yesterday already a ruin":

One feels that the proprietor is bankrupt and that the contractor has fled. \* \* \* It is the new hovel in all its abominable relief. Wretchedness is everywhere; a new wretchedness which has no past, no future, and which cannot take root anywhere. One divines that the lodger moved in yesterday and will move out to-morrow. That he arrived without saying whence he came, and that he will put the key under the door when he goes away.

Stronger yet, perhaps, and more strikingly written, is the chapter entitled "Pillage," a sketch of the revolt in Santo Domingo. Hugo had taken refuge by the gate of the town, near which were some hapless colonists, who had been driven from their homes and were lying in an old shed, the negroes paying not the slightest attention to this group of miserable whites:

Two hideous negresses, dressed as marchionesses, covered with ribbons and pompons, their breasts bare, and their heads encumbered with feathers and faces, were quarrelling over a magnificent dress of Chinese satin, which one of them had grasped with her nails, while the other hung on with her teeth. \* \* \* It was a mob, a crowd, a masquerade, a revel, a hell, a terrible buffoonery—negroes, negresses, and mulattoes, in every posture, in all manner of disguises, displayed all sorts of costumes. \* \* \* A number of old mulattresses had formed a ring and were skipping around in the midst of the mob. They were dressed in the nastiest costumes of our youngest and prettiest white women. \* \* \* Nothing queerer could be imagined than all these charming fashions and finery of the frivolous century of Louis XV., these Watteau shepherdess costumes, furbelows, plumes, and laces, upon these ugly faced, flat-nosed, woolly-headed, frightful people. Thus decked out, they were no longer even negroes and negresses, they were apes and monkeys. \* \* \* Strange and sad it is to see the grimace of man made with such effrontery in presence of the face of God.

Describing the performances of "Hernani," in 1830, Hugo says that the public hissed the verses every night, that the actors were ashamed and hostile, most of them laughing at what they had to say; the daily press making constant fun of both the piece and its author. On all sides Victor Hugo heard "as absurd as 'Hernani,'" "silly, false, bombastic, pretentious, extravagant, and nonsensical as 'Hernani.'" There are many anecdotes of the theatre and of the Academy given, but none of any special interest.

Louis Philippe said to Hugo in 1844 that the reason the maintenance of peace in Europe was so difficult was because Europe detested France and himself; that they might tolerate the former, but that they hated him because he was Orleans and himself; that they overthrew Napoleon by egging him on to war, and that they were trying to make him break his neck.

he loved to further a like result. Louis Philippe also discussed Thiers and Guizot with Hugo, sketching their characters; while Hugo dwells upon the grave and sweet disposition of the Count de Paris, who was kind-hearted and full of a natural tenderness.

One would like to follow Hugo through the Revolution of 1848, his meetings with Napoleon, and his subsequent exile, but the space afforded by a short review will not allow sufficient scope. In some way, however, Victor Hugo, although always a man of action, appears to better advantage on his strongly literary side, as for instance:

M. de Châteaubriand, at the beginning of 1847, was a paralytic; Mme. Récamier was blind. Every day at 3 o'clock M. de Châteaubriand was carried to Mme. Récamier's bedside. It was touching and sad. The woman, who could no longer see, stretched forth her hands gropingly toward the man who could no longer feel; their hands met. God be praised! Life was dying, but love still lived.

Hugo records a conversation between the second Napoleon and himself, the former having asked what Hugo thought of the political situation, his answer being as follows:

What he had to do was to reassure the bourgeoisie and satisfy the people; to give tranquillity to the former, work to the latter, and life to all; that, after the little governments, those of the elder Bourbons, Louis Philippe, and the republic of February, a great one was required; that the Emperor had made a great government through war, and that he himself ought to make a great one through peace; that the French people, having been illustrious for three centuries, did not propose to become ignoble. \* \* \* That, in a word, he must decorate peace, \* \* \* by all the greatness of art, literature, and science; by the victories of industry and progress, \* \* \* France is a conquering nation; when she does not make conquests with the sword, she wants to make them with the mind.

Adding later, in 1849, his impression of Louis Napoleon as follows:

Although he is animated with the best intentions in the world, and has a very visible quantity of intelligence and aptitude, I fear that Louis Bonaparte will find his task too much for him. To him, France, the century, the new spirit, the instincts peculiar to the soil and the period, are so many closed books. He looks without understanding them, at minds that are working, Paris, events, men, things, ideas. He belongs to that class of ignorant persons who are called Princes, and to that category of foreigners who are called emigrés.

The war and the siege of Paris tempt to quotation, but in closing it is only possible to touch upon Victor Hugo's words, the funeral of his favorite son, Charles, being over:

Flowers were thrown on the tomb. The crowd surrounded me; they grasp my hands. How the people love me, and how I love them!

The book, which was published simultaneously in Paris, London, and New York, is one sure to attract many readers, but is not by any means the full memoir we should all be so glad to read. Rather, it is extracts, some very interesting, but all of a more or less fragmentary nature, from the notebooks of Victor Hugo, the greatest Frenchman of his age.

#### GOV. ROOSEVELT ON THOMAS PAINE—LETTER FROM MR. CONWAY.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Mr. Cyrus Coolidge, in your REVIEW of Sept. 23, quotes from Charles Burr Todd's "Life of Barlow" a misleading statement, namely, that Paine's "qualification to be a member of the [French] Convention required an oath of fidelity to that country." No oath of any kind was taken; no affirmation or declaration or form was required for membership in an assembly whose function was to frame a Constitution where none existed. To whom or what could they have sworn loyalty? Paine was elected by four departments of France to help frame a Government because he was an American citizen. It happens that Paine had twice sworn fidelity to the United States—once as Secretary of the Congressional Committee of Foreign Affairs, afterward as Clerk of the Pennsylvania Legislature—but, as Monroe pointed out and President Washington officially confirmed, his citizenship was precisely that of all Americans who, born under the British flag, took the side of the American flag. Gouverneur Morris knew this perfectly well, and, although he had Paine thrown in prison in Paris, he wrote to Secretary Jefferson the falsehood that he had vainly claimed him as an American citizen. Robespierre, who was a jurist, also knew that Paine was an American citizen, and but for him Paine would probably have been executed. When Barrère and other accomplices of Morris in the Committee of Public Safety had planned a summary trial of Paine before the Revolutionary tribunal—certain death—Robespierre demanded an exceptional trial for the American member of the Convention, to which trial the United States must be a party. As the only offense of Paine was that he had arranged to return to his beloved America, where he would undoubtedly report the proceedings of Morris in Paris, (frankly revealed in Morris's "Diary and Letters," and known to every contemporary historian except Gov. Roosevelt,) that American Minister could not of course meet Robespierre's conditions.

In his unique collection of blunders described as a "Life of Gouverneur Morris," Gov. Roosevelt says: "So the filthy little atheist had to stay in prison, 'where he amused himself by publishing a pamphlet against Jesus Christ.'" This sentence, long ago denounced by myself and others without eliciting any retraction, must now remain as a salient survival of the vulgar Paine mythology, and as the most ingenious combination of mistakes ever committed in so small a space in any work professing to be historical.

Instead of being filthy, Paine was scrupulously neat and elegant in his attire, as all of his portraits show. He was a guest in the mansions of English noblemen,

and not even Edmund Burke, in all his diatribes against Paine, ever hinted that while his guest Paine was other than the "gentleman" that Aaron Burr declared him. He was a favorite guest in the houses of the finest people in Paris also—the Lafayettes, the Duchâtelles, the Condorcets, and Mme. Helvétius, to whose refined and cultured circle at Passy Franklin introduced him. Instead of being "little," Paine was of good height, and remarkably well formed. Instead of being an "atheist," Paine wrote his "Age of Reason" for the express purpose of combating the French atheists, (such as Hebert,) and the book (now called Part I.) was printed in French nearly a year before it appeared in English. Instead of being "against Jesus Christ," the book contains a tribute to the human character of Jesus higher than can be found in any orthodox work of the last century. This author, whom Gov. Roosevelt calls "atheist," inaugurated the first Theistic Church in the world, (the Church of Theophilanthropy in Paris,) with a discourse on the existence of God, which was circulated as a religious tract in London; and he also assisted Elihu Palmer, who was founding in New York the first Theistic Church in the United States.

Paine's Theism is of the pre-Darwinian type, so to say, and does not satisfy the modern conditions of the question, but the constant circulation of his religious works by associations of so-called "infidels," without any suppression or alteration of statements they disbelieve, has set the Governor an example of fairness which he would have done well to follow. Although his attention has been called to his gross errors, privately as well as publicly, the Governor, with all his good qualities, seems unequal to an admission of his mistakes, and he thus imposes on his literary contemporaries the necessity of arraigning not only the errors but the competency, or else the honesty, of their author. In a volume just going to press in Paris ("Thomas Paine et la Révolution dans les Deux Mondes") I have necessarily referred to the Governor's mistakes and his animus, but it would be a great satisfaction if I could be enabled to record his magnanimity and justice in publicly acknowledging the errors and promising their redress in the next edition of his book.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1899.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

#### "WHEN THE RUDYARDS CEASE FROM KIP-LING."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Can you find for me some humorous verses that were written about Kipling, in which is this line: "When the Rudyard ceases from Kipling?"

L. D. GRIEVE.

Thomasville, Ga., Oct. 10, 1899.

The verses are called "Lapsus Calami," and were written by James Kenneth Stephen, (1859-1892,) author of "International Law and International Relations," 1885; "Lapsus Calami," 1891, and "Quo Musa Tendit?" 1891.

#### LAPSUS CALAMI.

Will there never come a season  
Which shall rid us from the curse  
Of a prose which knows no reason  
And an unmelodious verse;  
When the world shall cease to wonder  
At the genius of an ass,  
And a boy's eccentric blunder  
Shall not bring success to pass?

When mankind shall be delivered  
From the clash of magazines,  
And the inkstand shall be shivered  
Into countless smithereens;  
When there stands a muzzled stripling,  
Mute beside a muzzled bore;  
When the Rudyard ceases from kipling,  
And the Haggards ride no more?

#### SAINT AMAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I have received with pleasure, as well as with gratitude, your friendly letter of Sept. 16 and the striking article which you had the goodness to publish in THE SATURDAY REVIEW concerning my last work. I have for your great Nation a deep sympathy and admiration. Nothing honors me more than its appreciation of my books, and I am always flattered whenever my name appears in its papers. It is that of a sincere friend of your country. I beg of you, my dear colleague, to receive my most eager thanks and the assurance of my most distinguished and devoted sentiments.

IMBERT DE SAINT AMAND.

Paris, Oct. 1, 1899.

A great deal has recently been written concerning the different titles under which the same novel appears here and in England. Much complaint has been made. At first sight it seems only right that a novel should bear the same title in both countries. But there are commercial contingencies to be considered. And it should become obvious, after a little thought, that a title that will sell a book in England may prove its *bête noire* in America, and vice versa. There is a great deal in a title, and it seems only right that the publishers on each side of the Atlantic should be allowed to use their judgment concerning selection. Just a year ago the Doubleday & McClure Company brought out Mr. Alfred Ollivant's "Bob, Son of Battle." In England the Blackwoods had published it under the title of "Owd Bob." In this country the book has passed through four editions, and is in its twentieth thousand, while on the other side it has not yet gone to its second printing. The query is: Suppose that the English title had been adopted here, how many copies would have been sold? Still, of course, the confusion of names continues, and to remedy this the Doubleday & McClure Company have adopted a plan which other publishers similarly placed would do well to follow. In the future, when this house publishes an English book and deems it expedient to change its name, the title page will bear both the American and the English titles.



## THE WARS OF ROME.

Horace White's Translation from the Greek of Appian's History.\*

It is somewhat surprising to find that such an assiduous "working journalist" as Mr. Horace White has been long indulging in the avocation of translating an ancient history of Rome, made up chiefly of an account of its many wars, out of a Greek original, but Mr. White has performed a valuable service to the scholarship of the day in presenting the little-known writings of Appian of Alexandria in an attractive English dress. The surviving work of that author is little known even among scholars, being seldom if ever read even in our universities. To make it of use even to students, it was necessary to put it into English, and it had long been quite inaccessible in that language, though two old and imperfect translations exist.

Very little is known of this Appian, and that little is drawn mainly by inference from fragmentary references. He was a native of Alexandria, but spent his active manhood in Rome as an advocate in the time of Trajan and Hadrian, and in his declining years was appointed procurator of Egypt by Antoninus Pius. He is believed to have been born about the year 90 A. D., and to have died about 160, and presumably his history was written, or at least completed, in his retirement to his native land, from materials gathered in Rome. The earliest reference to his work that has been preserved appeared in the geographical dictionary of Stephanus of Byzantium in the sixth century, and he is named by Evagrius at about the same time as one of five Greek writers of Roman history. Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, near the end of the ninth century, gives an account of his Roman history in the "Myriobiblon," and it is mainly from this that we learn the full scope of the original twenty-four books.

The first two of these books contained an account of Rome under the Kings and of the expansion of its power in Italy, and in the third begins the long record of wars, starting with those waged with the Samnites. The fourth related to the wars against the Gauls, the fifth dealt with Sicily and the other islands. Then follow, up to Book XII, the wars with Spain, the war with Hannibal, the Punic wars, Numidian affairs, Macedonian affairs, the Illyrian wars, the Syrian wars, and the wars with Mithridates. These twelve books covered the conflicts of Rome with foreign peoples, and were followed, according to Photius, by nine books of "The Civil Wars," though the last four of these appear to have been entitled by the author a "History of Egypt." The last three books of the entire work were entitled, severally, "The Hundred Years," "The Dacian," and "The Arabian."

Doubtless the whole work was still extant when Photius wrote, but the careless copyists of the Middle Ages allowed a considerable part of it to be lost. They were wont to transcribe only those books or parts of books which they considered of sufficient interest for their purpose. The result is that we have entire only Books VI., VII., the first part of VIII., X., XI., and XII. of the foreign wars, and five books of the civil wars. Probably the Egyptian title of the last four assigned to this collection by Photius caused them to be neglected, so that even the end of the account of the struggle between Octavius and Antony, including the battle of Actium, was allowed to perish. Some fragments or "excerpts" from the missing books of the section of the foreign wars have been preserved from old transcriptions. The most important of these were embraced in two compilations made by order of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus about the middle of the tenth century.

On the revival of learning the remnants of Appian's work first appeared in a Latin translation by Peter Candidus, Master of Correspondence to Pope Nicholas V., about 1450. This was a rude version, and did not contain all the material that still exists. The first edition of the original, which was also incomplete, was published by Charles Stephens at Paris in 1551. A fuller and more perfectly arranged edition was put forth by the nephew of this editor, Henry Stephens, toward the end of the sixteenth century. A much better Latin version than that of Candidus was published by Sigismund Gesner at Basel in 1554.

The old manuscripts were found in a corrupt and disordered condition, and it was not until near the end of the last century that a German scholar, Prof. Johann Schweighäuser of Strasburg, undertook the task of arranging, emending, and perfecting the text for an edition of the original published by him with a learned introduction at Leipzig in 1785. The recent (Tubner) edition by Prof. Ludwig Mendelssohn of Dorpat, Russia, (1878-81) contains the text in as perfect a form probably as is now attainable.

The first translation of Appian into a modern language was in Italian, by Alexander Braccio, published in two parts, Rome, 1502, and Florence, 1519, but it was based wholly on the Latin version of Candidus. A French translation was made by Claude de Seyssel, Bishop of Marseilles, and published after his death, in 1544. The first English translation appeared in 1578, in old English black letter, and was by "W. B.," who cannot now be identified. It was an imperfect and badly arranged edition, founded upon Candidus. Another version was made by one "J. D." (John Davis,) which first appeared in 1670, and of which three editions appeared, the latest in 1708.

THE ROMAN HISTORY OF APPIAN OF ALEXANDRIA. Translated from the Greek by Horace White. With maps and illustrations. In two volumes. 16mo. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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It has not been reproduced since, and, naturally, is rare, and no later English translation has been made until this of Mr. White. In effect, this is not simply the best but the only translation now to be had in the English language.

Mr. White had the benefit of all the scholarship that has been bestowed upon Appian's history in Europe, and he presents all that has been preserved of the work, including the preface and excerpts, in its proper order and from texts purged of corruption and emended as closely as learning and ingenuity can attain to perfection. He arranges it under the twelve books of foreign wars, which constitute a volume of 400 pages, and the five surviving books of the civil wars, which make a second volume of nearly 500 pages. The separate books which are complete he divides conveniently into chapters and also into numbered sections, the very full index at the end of the second volume making its references to the titles and sections of the different books.

Of the quality of the translation it is hardly necessary to speak. We have no doubt that the original is faithfully rendered, and the translator makes acknowledgment in his preface to his friend Theodore Lyman Wright, Professor of Greek Literature and Art in Beloit College, for revising his work and "correcting inaccuracies inevitable in the work of an amateur and for numerous suggestions for bettering the phraseology." The English is of the smooth and flowing kind to be expected from such a practiced hand, and is real English in form and idiom, and not cramped by the effort to preserve the full meaning of the original. There seems to be no perceptible attempt to vary the style to fit that of the author in his narrative, descriptive, and declamatory passages, for the author follows the ancient practice of historians of putting imaginary speeches into the mouths of commanders and other characters for dramatic effect.

The scheme of Appian's history is somewhat different from that of most ancient historical writers. The account of the civil wars naturally proceeds in the chronological order of events from the agrarian contests of the Gracchi to the struggles of the Caesars, but the foreign wars are treated without strict regard to their sequence, and those with one antagonist or hostile nation are disposed of together, regardless of contemporaneous events elsewhere. The sources of the author's information, or his "authorities," cannot be fully ascertained, but some of them are undoubtedly lost, and many incidents have been preserved by him which are not elsewhere recorded. Little attempt has been made to impeach his accuracy, though he may often be corrected by reference to higher authorities. Of his style the translator says that it is "as destitute of ornament as a lawyer's brief, and in the narrative parts almost as arid. In the rhetorical passages, however, which are numerous, it is animated, forcible, and at times eloquent. Occasionally," he adds, "Appian rises to the dignity of the best writers of the classical period."

There is no question as to the interest and value of this book to students of Roman history and it is a decided acquisition for those who seek their material on that subject in English. There are few who are likely to become familiar with Appian's work in any other form. It is illustrated with several excellent maps and a number of reproductions of portraits of Roman warriors and other pictures. Besides the full index there is a complete bibliography of Appian, and Prof. Mendelssohn's account of the manuscripts and their reception.

AMOS H. FISKE.

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# "AUTUMN WITH POETS."

"See what a dust I raise."  
—The Fly on the Wheel.

## Poe and Sarah Helen Whitman's Poem—A Coincidence.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

The recent unveiling of the bust of Edgar Allan Poe at the University of Virginia has awakened many memories of the poet and his contemporaries. With the exception of Emerson and Whitman our country has as yet produced no poet with so distinctive and unique a personality as the author of "The Raven," "The Bells," "Ullalume," and "The Haunted Palace."

Slighted, defamed, and parodied as he was in his brief, sad career, the remarkable individuality of his work has rescued it from oblivion, and tardy justice comes at last after fifty years of waiting to bestow upon the neglected poet the laurel crown and to write his name beside the names of Emerson, Lowell, and Hawthorne. The occasion is marked by a finely discriminating address from a distinguished essayist, a brief but comprehensive poem from a favorite poet, and letters of praise and appreciation from literary men of the North, the South, and the West. These who have united to do honor to the dead poet have honored themselves in honoring him, and the thousands of his admirers scattered over this broad land are glad and grateful to them in his name. So ran my thoughts as I read the account of the unveiling in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Oct. 14; and as my mind wandered back across the intervening years I thought of the friends who had loved Poe and believed in him, the tried and true who were loyal to him through all his varying fortunes, and I fancied their disenthralled spirits rejoicing at this late but sure recognition of his genius. Among Poe's literary contemporaries in the sacred circle of his intimate friends none stood nearer the gifted poet than Sarah Helen Whitman, a poet of nature and life, a keen critic, and a loyal, loving woman. Her unwavering devotion to Poe was well known, and found expression in an able defense of him, published many years after his death, entitled "Edgar A. Poe and His Critics," and yet more fully and freely in several impassioned sonnets addressed to him in a volume of her poems, "Hours of Life, and Other Poems," published in 1853, and now out of print. Mrs. Whitman, whose maiden name was Powers, was born in Providence, R. I., and lived there all her life. There, too, she died in 1878. An interesting portrait of her hangs in the Athenaeum of that city.

And now for a coincidence. With pleasant memories of my old friend, Sarah Helen Whitman, in my mind, I turned the leaves of THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW, and came upon an article on "Autumn with the Poets," a cheerful and very readable article, arraigning the poets for the gloom with which they enshroud this glad and golden season; and while I read a poem I had always loved began to sing itself in my heart, an exquisitely melodious strain, not gloomy, scarcely melancholy, but full of the dreaminess of Autumn days, altogether soothing and satisfying. Sarah Helen Whitman's poem "A Still Day in Autumn," praised once by Edgar Poe as the truest and loveliest poem on Nature he had ever known; and even as I murmured its sweet cadences there, before my eyes, stood its very words: When Summer gathers up her robe of glory, And like a dream of beauty glides away.

Ah! the pleasure of it! But with the pleasure came the anti-climax; for the writer of "Autumn with the Poets" attributed the passage to "a writer in an old Blackwood." It is easy to suppose that years ago some writer for Blackwood used the lines to grace his article without giving credit to the author. But honor to whom honor is due! Let me give the poem entire, and with the author's name. E. S. F. Philadelphia, Penn., Oct. 17, 1890.

### A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

By Sarah Helen Whitman.

I love to wander through the woodlands  
In the soft light of an Autumnal day,  
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,  
And like a dream of beauty glides away.  
How through each loved familiar path she  
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,  
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,  
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst!  
Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining  
To light the gloom of Autumn's moldering halls,  
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining  
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.  
Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning  
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,  
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,  
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.  
The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers  
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,  
Mingling the freshness of Autumnal showers  
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.  
Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,  
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,

With faded lids beneath their palmy shadow  
The gentian beds in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits  
Brooding,  
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell,  
Or with shut wings, through slitten folds intruding,  
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely  
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,  
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that  
Only  
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

### "Did You Write It, or Did I?"

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Your editorial article of Oct. 14, "Autumn with the Poets," has strongly and strangely affected me. Out of your love for October, did you write it, or did I? How did you happen to use quotations from unknown poets, that long habit and use have made my exclusive property? Where did you find those exquisite lines—are they "in an old Blackwood's"?—that I thought no one knew but me—

"When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,  
And like a dream of beauty (but its floats,  
not) glides away," (as you have it.)

How did you happen exactly to voice with "touch of manner and hint of mood" all the reveries and reveries October has always brought me? Your vivid writing, glowing with color, affects me like "the scarlet of the maples!"

"Shakes me like a cry,  
Of bugles going by."

(To use your favorite quotation, which is also mine.) Now,

"My heart is like a rhyme,  
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time."

"The inclosed poem is the result of your to me suggestive editorial and your remark, 'It is with surprise that we find the Autumn with so few to sing her praises.'"

Mrs. E. W. HUNT.

Easton, Ga., Oct. 18, 1890.

### OCTOBER'S JEWELS.

When earth's long Summer toll is done,  
And bare and brown she's lying,  
Bereft of bud and bloom and sheaf,  
And Autumn winds are sighing:

'Tis then beneath the hazy skies,  
Where she lies sad and sober,  
Her riches rifled from her breast,  
There cometh bright October,

And gaily spills her jewel box,  
Her brilliant sparkling treasure,  
Upon the lap of bare old earth,  
With measure full for measure.

Of all the wealth she yielded up—  
Bright gold, for grain fields reaping;  
And rubies for the rich red grapes,  
In royal splendor heaping;

For fruit and corn, and oil and wine,  
She flings her jeweled show;  
But, ah! the brightest of her gems  
Are for the vanished flowers.

There's not a hue been lost from earth,  
No tint of bud or blossom;  
But rich October brings again,  
And lays up on her bosom.

Soft drop her jewels thro' the air,  
With mystic voices calling—  
"Earth take the treasure due to thee,  
For Autumn leaves are falling."

### Thoreau's Pose Songs of Autumn.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Many thanks are due the author of the editorial article entitled, "Autumn With the Poets," which appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of Oct. 14. It is indeed a lamentable fact that the beauty of our American Autumn has not been often and warmly sung, but I would like to remind the readers of THE REVIEW that there is one writer whose name must always be associated with this season, the praises of which appear again and again in his works—Henry David Thoreau.

"Autumn With the Poets" seemed to echo his own regret that "the Autumnal change of our woods has not made a deep impression on our own literature," that "October has hardly tinged our poetry." With him the season is not one of melancholy. I know of but one approach to this idea to be found in his writings. In a letter to Bronson Alcott, dated Sept. 1, 1856, he writes: "I wish to get some hints from September on the Connecticut to help me understand that season on the Concord; to sniff the fragrance of the decaying year in the primitive woods." At all other times it is the season of maturity and of attainment. In "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" he writes: "In all woods the leaves were fast ripening for their fall; for their full vein and lively gloss mark the ripe leaf and not the seared one of the poets." It is also with him a season of awakening to a new consciousness of things, for, after hearing the first sigh of the Autumn wind moving the leaves, during that same "week," he says: "Our thoughts, too, began to rustle." To him "October is earth's sunset sky, November the later twilight," and he never tires of describing the ever-changing colors. The following exquisite Autumn idyl I quote in full:

A small red maple has grown, perchance, far away at the head of some retired valley, a mile from any road, unobserved. It has faithfully discharged the duties of a maple there, all Winter and Summer neglected none of its economies, but added to its stature in the virtue which belongs to a maple, by a steady growth, for so many months, never having gone gadding abroad, and is nearer heaven than it was in the Spring. It has faithfully husbanded its sap and afforded a shelter to the wandering bird, has long since ripened its seeds and committed them to the winds, and has the satisfaction of knowing perhaps that a thousand little well-behaved maples are already settled in life somewhere. It deserves well of mapledom. Its leaves have been asking it from time to time in a whisper, "When shall we redden?" And now in this month of September, this month of traveling, when men are hastening to the seashore, or the mountains, or the lakes, this modest maple, still without budging an inch, travels in its reputation—runs up its scarlet flag on that hillside, which shows that it has finished its Summer's work before all other trees and withdrawn from the contest. At the eleventh hour of the year the tree, which no scrutiny could have detected when it was most industrious,

is thus by the dint of its maturity, by its very bluntness, revealed at last to the careless and distant traveler, and leads his thoughts away from the dusty road into those brave solitudes which it inhabits. It flashes out conspicuous with all the virtue and beauty of a maple—Acer rubrum. We may now read its tale or rubric clear. Its virtues, not its sins, are as scarlet.

He exclaims again of another tree flaming against the evergreens:

What more remarkable object can there be in the landscape? Visible for miles around, too far to be believed. If such phenomenon occurred but once, it would be banded down by tradition to posterity and get into the mythology at last. I am thrilled at the sight of it bearing aloft its scarlet standard for the regiment of green-glad foresters around, and I go half a mile out of my way to examine it.

In "Autumnal Tints" each tree which lends its beauty to our Autumn landscape receives its separate praises from these master lips, and although the consciousness of death moving amid the brightness is not absent from his writings it does not disturb the happy tenor of his thought as his description of the dying leaves shows:

How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down to turn to mold! painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting place light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no long fence, whispering all through the woods about it. They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of a tree and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind as well as to flutter on high. They teach us how to die.

Autumn is his gala day:  
This October festival costs no powder nor ringing of bells, but every tree is a living liberty pole on which a thousand bright flags are flying.

How he loves the long yellow aisles of the streets:

A Queen might be glad to walk where these gallant trees have spread their bright cloaks in the mud.

Thoreau's music is not in measured rhyme, but it is true poetry offered in homage to the silent golden hours.

LEONORA S. ASHTON.

Hyde Park-on-Hudson, Oct. 17, 1890.

### No Place to Stay.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I want to thank you for your editorial article in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW entitled "Autumn and the Poets," for I too "begudge every moment it is necessary to spend indoors." I have often wondered why the seashore "season" should close early in September—but so it is. I left the shore two days ago, because, forsooth, there was no place to stay! But every Autumn day has been a veritable treasure—the gray lights of dawn, the soft Autumn haze over the sea, the penetrating sweetness in the air, the divine stillness, and far back in the hills that flaming sunset tapestry of crimson and gold which makes Autumn the coronation festival of the year.

Yesterday we drove through paradise. The roadway was bordered with stately maples in such robes as artist's brush may not paint nor poet's pen describe. The sun gave every separate leaf a distinct and individual glory, and through the hazy stillness fluttered thousands of gold and crimson messengers—telegrams from sky to earth—all with the same message—"Summer is over."

The earth was spread with a magic carpet of such beauty as makes one's eyes fill, and there was no sound save the falling nuts and the flutter and scamper of the little people of the woods in feathers and fur. I cannot see the sadness in it, save that which clings to every transient, beautiful thing.

I trust you may pardon my rhapsody, but I have found few who love the Autumn, and your editorial article struck an answering chord in the heart of ANGELICA.  
Madison, N. J., Oct. 14, 1890.

### Two Stanzas Missing.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

The article on "Autumn With the Poets" in last week's issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW revived in memory some verses I had memorized, but since have forgotten. They are said to have been written on the window shade of a Summer boarding house on Long Island. The last two stanzas containing allusions to Huxley and Darwin I cannot recall, but they much resemble Bryant in flow and sentiment. If any of your readers have seen these in print I should like much to secure a copy.

DREW ROMYN.

Flushing, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1890.

The poets of the past have sung  
In numbers tuneful—high,  
Depicting Nature's many charms  
In earth, and sea, and sky—  
Of all the myriad forms of grace  
Which our being doth enthrall  
There yet remains a single phase  
Quite unsung by them all.

Retwixt the roseate Summer hue  
And Winter's chill blast  
There is a season somewhat mixed  
That proves a sorry task.

To couch in numbers dignified  
That will the soul unfold  
As does the face of Mother Earth  
In the spell of humid cold;

When the serf leaves of Autumn  
Like wild geese upon the ground,  
And Pluvian Jove is huffing  
Versing torrents all around.

A decaying vegetation haunts  
Its rank odors far and near,  
And the lovely visions of the past  
Make the landscape awful drear.

Even the erstwhile terra firma  
Where we used to walk and bike  
Threatens at each step to put us,  
Boots and all, quite out of sight.

I sing of mud—yes, plastic mud,  
Suggestive of primordial ooze,  
Full one foot deep, and quite as slick  
In knocking out, as Jersey booze, &c.

### "A Vagabond Song" of Autumn.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I write to know further of "More Songs of Vagabondia," to which you refer in your editorial article in THE TIMES SATURDAY

Review of the 14th inst. on "Autumn With the Poets"—by whom published, price, &c.

EDWARD REISLER.  
Easton, Md., Oct. 18, 1890.

"More Songs from Vagabondia," a volume of verse supplementary to "Songs from Vagabondia," was written jointly by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. It was published by Copeland & Day of Boston, who, early this year, retired from business. Both books are now on the list of Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. Price, \$1.—Ed.]

### American Autumns and English— A Difference.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

In a recent article in THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW the writer claims that our poets as a rule have only seen the sombre side of this most beautiful season of the year, and have not described it in the glowing colors that it so richly deserves. While it is true that he was able to bring a long list of quotations to support his statement, many of our poets, especially the American poets, have seen and depicted the brighter aspects of the glorious Autumn season. We should bear in mind how different the dreary English Autumn of fogs and mists is from our American season of sunshine and rich coloring, melting into the tender, golden haze of Indian Summer. We shall not, then, be surprised that Hood should give us such a doleful picture of November, but if he had been privileged to walk through a Virginia forest in November, when Indian Summer wraps the earth in a golden veil and hushes every discord into softest melody, he would have written in a far different strain. How beautiful is Longfellow's description in "Evangeline" of Indian Summer:

Then followed that beautiful season  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants  
Summer of All Saints.  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness  
Of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth and the restless heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds  
Were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of  
cocks in the farmyards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the  
cooling of pigeons.

All were subdued and low as the murmurs  
of love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the  
golden vapors around him:

While arrayed in its robes of russet and  
scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glit-  
tering tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian  
adorned with mantles and jewels.

Bryant, too, has caught the spirit of the season when he sings:

And now when comes the calm, mild day,  
as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out  
their Winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters  
of the rill.

The New England poets more than any others bring out the bright side of this crowning season of the year. Then the toil and labor of the year are over, and the weary farmer gathers in his sheaves with songs of thanksgiving. After the busy sound of the Summer's work he pauses to rest for a while and enjoy a season of social pleasures before he begins the stern grapple with the hardships of Winter. Now is the time of corn-huskings, or "corn-shuckings," as they are called in the South; apple bees, nutting excursions, and other rural pleasures, while the sportsman feels the keen rapture of stepping out over the stubble on a crisp, frosty morning to startle a covey of shy partridges, and the younger generation of hunters track the squirrel to his hole or tree the wily "possum. Surely, the crown of the year is this glad Thanksgiving gathering in the scattered sheaves of home and kin," our great National festival that has gathered about it all that is most sacred and precious to the hearts of our people. How finely Whittier has interpreted this spirit in his "Huskings":

It was late in the mild October, and the  
fringed Autumn rain  
Had left the Summer harvest fields all green  
with grass again;

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all  
the woodland gay  
With the hues of Summer's rainbow, or the  
meadow flowers of May.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts  
caught glimpses of that sky,  
Pleeked by the many-tinted leaves, and  
laughed they knew not why.

And school girls gay with aster-flowers be-  
side the meadow brooks  
Mingled the glow of Autumn with the sun-  
shine of sweet looks.

The Summer grains were harvested; the  
stubble field lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled in light and shade  
the pale-green waves of rye;

But still on gentle hill slopes, in valleys  
fringed with wood  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy  
corn crop stood.

Longfellow has struck the same note in his description of the harvest time in "Hiawatha," when Mondamin was stripped of his golden plumes, and Harriet Prescott Spofford in her lines:

There's a burnish of fine scarlet on the pear  
that drops to-day,  
Now the glory of the ripe and rich au-  
tumnal noons has come;

The peach is overmellow, and the apple  
bends the spray,  
And there's honey, yes, there's honey, in  
the purple of the plum.

Even finer than these are the striking  
lines from Prentice's "Close of the Year":

Autumn, too, . . .  
With its green hills, like altars of the  
world  
Lifting their rich fruit offerings to their  
God.

Who would deny that the time of the ingathering of the harvest is a more joyful season than that of the seed-sowing, or that fruition is more blessed than hope? We lose from a moral standpoint when we exalt the Spring and deify the Autumn as the time of sadness and failure. All true life in the natural and in the spiritual world must be a life of growth. Therefore old age should be fuller, richer, and more content than youth if good seed have been sown and a rich harvest gathered. We



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should all hold with Browning that "the best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made," and that life's Autumn is but the threshold of the immortal Spring:

So, when you find a flake or two of snow  
Upon your head, which only yesterday  
Was crowned with youth and all the joys  
of May,  
Let sorrow gnaw not at your heart, but know  
The ripe October days will with them bring  
A glory richer than the green of Spring.  
S. M. L.  
Fredericksburg, Va., Oct. 18, 1899.

### Papers by Robert Grant.

Beneath a somewhat bantering manner Judge Grant is very busy with the "slow and obscure work of understanding things," and particularly such things as the relation of material comforts and aesthetic luxuries to the development of our National life. Despite a slightly irritating tendency to discuss his fellow-men with the manner of superiority, his opinions are interesting, and his conclusions are not very different from those reached some thirty years ago by Matthew Arnold in defining culture as a study of perfection, and an active attempt to make the best prevail. In the earlier of his two books, "The Art of Living," his readers will remember that the question is that of the virtuous mean between excess of expenditure and undesirable frugality in the case of the moderately rich. To illustrate his point of view he compares the life of a bookkeeper bringing up a family on a salary of \$2,200 a year with that of a man who spends an income of four times that amount. His description of the "frayed and somewhat ugly establishment" of the former—an establishment in which the spirit of contentment and gentleness rests undisturbed by the dinners of fried liver and pea soup, the evening refreshments of lemonade and angel cake, and the toilets of dressing gown and darned stockings—is intended to convince the supposedly skeptical person that the man with the larger income who eats good food and wears fine clothes is the more enviable person of the two, other things being equal, an assumption that will hardly be disputed by Judge Grant's public. We suspect that the moralist who would exalt the family life of Rogers the bookkeeper on account of its charmless elements is Judge Grant's man of straw whose demolition is hardly a matter for self-complacency. The implication that the richer man would be more virtuous for practicing a purposeless economy is not really worth making. The point that is practically ignored in Judge Grant's philosophy is the fact that in such cases the man invariably makes the style. The steel en-

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899. Price, \$1.50.

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gravings of George Washington and Horace Greeley with which Mr. Rogers' barbarous little house is decorated are not less expensive than wood engravings of Corot landscapes and Rembrandt heads, and French coffee is perhaps as cheap as lemonade. Nor is there any adequate reason for supposing that there is no alternative on \$2,200 a year to the dismal routine representing Mr. Rogers' method of spending his time. He is depicted as coming home from his daily toil to read the evening paper and weekly magazine, pat the cat, play "Pigs in Clover" with himself or backgammon with his wife, and go to bed at 10 o'clock, with the occasional variation of an evening lecture or neighborly call. But there is certainly nothing about his income to prevent his substituting Shakespeare for the evening paper and the study of political economy for "Pigs in Clover." If we agree with Mr. Arnold that culture is "an internal condition," we can hardly accept Rogers as a fair type of the limitations imposed upon an American citizen by an income of \$2,200 a year. It is not surprising that since the first edition of "The Art of Living" appeared many people living attractively and intelligently on this amount should have lifted up their voices in protest. Even the notion that seems to Judge Grant and his Barbara so untenable—that a man with eight thousand a year might prefer to spend no more than a quarter of his income on shelter, food, and clothing, to reserve the remainder for indulgences not less desirable, possibly, than cut glass and fine china and residence in a fashionable neighborhood—gains the approval of some who cannot be considered opponents of "sweetness and light" in the organization of society.

The case of Rogers, however, is not the most important element in Judge Grant's discussion of the conduct of life, although a tempting target for readers whose sensibilities are wounded by his generalizations. The theory for which he really contends

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and to which he obviously attaches serious importance is moderation:

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure, quiet living, strict-kept measure, and, above all, an open mind, which rejects the conventions it does not approve. His Utopia would unite in its citizens refinement of habit, with broad and deep sympathies. "The art of living," he says, "is the science of living nobly and well, and how can one live either nobly or well by regarding life on the earth as merely a log-cabin existence? If we in this country are in danger from the extravagant vanities of the very rich, we are scarcely less menaced by that narrow spirit of ethical teaching which tries to inculcate that it does not much matter what our material surroundings are, and that any progress made by society, except in the direction of sheer morality, is a delusion and a snare."

In "Search-Light Letters" the question of material surroundings changes to that of spiritual and intellectual ideals. In trying to show the superior wisdom and beauty of honesty over dishonesty, of decency over indecency, of candor over hypocrisy, of energy over laziness, and of intelligence over stupidity, it is natural that Judge Grant should lose a little of the spontaneity that characterized his earlier work and become, if not ponderous, at least over-ponderous in words for the fundamental nature of the problems involved. His advice to his fellows is certainly not so much marked by individuality, but it has the merit of authority, as it comprises a code of morals that has stood the test of many centuries. To insure the interest of his readers he is wise perhaps to present his conclusions as the result of his independent judgment, which, indeed, they easily may be. And in applying certain fine old axioms born of the Ten Commandments to American politics, American social life, and American schools, he is following honorable predecessors. While his more degenerate readers may have a lurking sympathy with the young man who basely referred to him as a "holier-than-thou," they cannot deny that he is on the side of principles that make for the greatest good of the greatest number and for national security as well as for national purity.

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## NEW AND NOTABLE FICTION.

## Mr. Ford's "Janice Meredith" and Mr. Kipling's "Stalky &amp; Co."

The poles are not more widely sundered than are the two types of historical novels: the one for the writing of which the author has "read up," the other, written because the author's mind has reached the saturation point. The one is a manufacture, the other a precipitation. In the one we are introduced into the valley of dry bones; in the other they have been clothed with flesh and breathe and move before us. In the one, the insistence is upon the speech, the customs, the ideas, that differentiate the past from the present; in the other, upon the thread of common human nature running through all times and peoples. From the one the reader is remote and alien; in the other, his ancestors have become his contemporaries.

No one familiar with the trend of Mr. Ford's studies and the quality of his work will need to be told to which class "Janice Meredith" belongs. It is the irrepressible overflow of a mind surcharged with its subject; or, to change the figure, it is not a mere mixture of history and romance, but a chemical union, resulting in a book that will make for the nonce a historian of the novel reader and a novel reader of the historian. The fidelity with which is depicted every phase of the social and political life of Revolutionary times is equalled by the vitality and verve of the characters and the romantic interest of the situations.

In the secret souls of us all there have been moments of revolt from the "idly regular, faultily faultless" Washington, with his statuesque pose, in history and tale. Mr. Ford's Washington is delightfully human, full of warmth and color. When he "so far forgets himself as to use profane language," who can help joining his aide in a "Laus Deo"? Verily, as quoth old Rowland Hill, "one grudges the devil those rough and ready words," and we love Washington none the less for finding some of them ready to his hand to hurl at Charles Lee during the disgraceful flight of Monmouth. In Mr. Ford's fiction as in his biography the revelation of the true George Washington detracts not at all from his greatness. Not only is the grand historic figure brought into the range of our sympathies, but it actually gains in dignity by the removal of the fantastic trappings which ill-judged worshippers have hung about it.

The heroine, Janice, is a fascinating example of the girlhood of a century ago. What wonderful creatures were these great-great-grandmothers of ours! Tight-laced, thin-slipped, bare as to necks and arms, cultivating delicacy of appearance as a supreme charm, they yet appear to have enjoyed life, to have borne many children, and to have lived to a good old age, strangers to the medical specialist. Can it be that only the fittest survived early childhood? With an education which seemed to be cunningly contrived to dwarf the natural powers and to foster vanity and weakness, they yet achieved, Heaven knows how, much dignity of mind and firmness of character, mingled with their inevitable ignorance and childishness. All these qualities are subtly portrayed in "Janice Meredith," the nobleness of soul, which gradually dominates frivolity, being in large measure the result of the serious and stirring times of which she was a part. Her creator has molded her with a light and loving hand. The women of that age were but undisciplined children when they assumed the gravest responsibilities of life, and the faulty, willful, changeable Janice is only fifteen when confronted with a suitor. Not many years older in the closing chapter, those times that tried men's souls have changed the coquettish child into a heroic woman, with naught left of the inconstant mind save that iridescence which is ever present in "a man's woman," such as Janice must have been to the end of her life.

The hero is peculiarly strong and satisfying, always the central figure of the story. He is firmly drawn, and his career will be followed with unflagging interest, heightened by the mystery that shadows him. Like many men of the period, among them the unfortunate André, he combines intellect of a high order with heroic dash and daring, and, in softer mood, can hush his lady's face or woo her in the most poetic language of passion. He is not a lay figure, but a very real man, true to his type and his time.

"Janice Meredith" is a story of stirring days, and it does not pause in the telling. The light cast upon the theology, the customs, the ideals of the age, is all by the way without interruption to the narrative. Here and there, however, one gathers an incidental bit worth taking to heart. Parents will please note the following:

The formalism of by-gone generations was no doubt conducive to respectful manners, but not to confidential relations, and her parents knew so little of their daughter's nature as never to dream that they had occasioned the first suggestion of tenderness for the opposite sex the young girl's heart had ever felt. And love's flame is superior to physical law in that, the less ventilation it has, the more fiercely it burns.

Where obedience is enforced from authority and not from sympathy and confidence, there will be secret deceit, if not open revolt.

And here is a flash, into which not a little philosophy of history is compressed:

"Why, daddy," she cried with the old roguishness, "how can he be a rebel, now that they've won?"

While we deprecate the publishers' hint of "The Great American Novel"—a monstrosity happily impossible—their announcement does not claim too much

in saying that "every American, every novel reader, every student of the Revolution, and every lover of romantic literature will enjoy 'Janice Meredith.'"

Ordinarily Mr. Kipling puts poetry and prose side by side in his work as he puts humor and tragedy, coarseness and delicacy, with apparent delight in violent contrasts. But two of the three works written for and about boys are exceptions to this habit. There is little prose in the beautiful "Jungle Books," and in "Stalky & Co." there is certainly little poetry. Taken together, they might seem at first sight to represent the two extremes of young life, its blind romance and unspeakable charm, and its harsh audacity and pitilessness and savagery.

Stalky's career at school is that of a ringleader, Beetle and McTurk following him gayly in the evil inventions by which he punishes the sins of his superior officers. No one can say that he has much about him to command the respect of an unimaginative person. He prefers not to tell a downright lie, but he spends much of his time and a fine talent in accomplishing deceit. He is insolent and to those whom he dislikes nonchalantly cruel. Law to him, as to Aaron Burr, consists of "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." If he can get his own way and shift the blame, he has gained his chief object, and it is very hard, indeed, to get the better of his ingenuity. His two satellites have slightly superior, or, from his point of view, inferior, tastes. Beetle reads Browning, whose "quarter-comprehended verses live and eat with him," and McTurk studies Ruskin until he develops infinite contempt for the decorations of the House Master's room. But Stalky himself is a man of constructive intellect, whose strategic operations command his entire mind. It is not surprising at the end of the book to find him managing Sikhs and trying his sophistries with the Home Government, with the success, brilliancy, and impudence that have marked his school campaigns.

The histories of his individual experiences are disjointed as they should be to represent the stages of unconnected youth. And in describing "things as he sees them for the God of things as they are," Mr. Kipling finds use for a large number of words and details that seem to belong much more to the jungle than to polite society. The episode of the cat, for example, is unsavory, indeed, and not especially amusing, except to the grisly tastes of sweet sixteen, and the gory atrocity of the chapter called "The Moral Reformers" is far from reassuring to a certain type of mind—the maternal type, we will say, seeking literature for its young. It is appalling, certainly, to think of the average boy attempting to migrate into the character of "his Uncle Stalky," and striving to compete with the working of that wise young brain in sowing strife and confusion. Why, then, is Stalky, as Mr. Kipling introduces him, a safer companion for his kind and a more attractive subject for adult consideration than such a prototype as Tom Sawyer, for example? Precisely because Mr. Kipling has what a French critic has recently reproached him with lacking—the moral vision, that is. His Stalky is in one sense Mowgli over again, a Western Mowgli, threading his devious way through a jungle, in which the crude, fierce, reckless instincts of the wild beasts are regulated by certain laws—"and many and mighty are they"—which find curiously shabby counterfeits in the conventions of the civilized code. Like the "Man Cub," he works his way gradually out of the free primitive life toward manhood and the "Cage." At his least promising moments his recognition of authority and respect for superior intelligence and fair dealing rule him as Mowgli's voice ruled Bagheera when the fever of the Spring running was upon him. When the Head gives him six stripes because he has cleverly involved the House Master in difficulty without discovering a flaw in his own character, his heart goes out to his chastener for discerning what he deserves and giving it to him. Nor do we need Mr. Kipling's verses to know the spirit with which he will look back from the scenes of his manoeuvres among the Pathans and Malôts upon his school days and the "famous men" who

With toil of their to-day  
Bought for us to-morrow.

Despite the fact that Mr. Kipling has shown his defects without a word of palliation or excuse, a sympathetic reader will part from him reflecting, not merely upon his abnormal acuteness and masterly command of difficult situations, but also upon the fact that his vengeance fell upon singularly irritating individuals whose manners and morals undeniably needed the correction he faithfully attempted. His contempt for the meaner vices, for toadying, flattering, posing, and misnaming technicalities; his joy in courage, in adequacy, and in a humorous point of view, remain in the mind after the glory of his iniquities is dimmed. Yet we doubt if Stalky, vital as he seems, is entirely a boy's boy. Mr. Kipling does not pretend that he represents the average pupil in the public schools of England. On the contrary, he takes pains to set him apart from his fellows and above them in mental gifts. It is possible that he, together with Beetle and McTurk, is intended as a composite photograph of a boy remembered by Mr. Kipling in the early seventies. But the memory or imagination presents, after all, a boy as he looks through a man's eyes, enriched by a man's experience, and expressed by a man's interpretation. In the matter of language alone, he betrays his maturity. We all know that the attitude of sixteen toward its elders is one of exquisite irony, but many added years are needed before that irony can find such voice as Stalky and company are fluent with. The chapter of the book that most clearly

shows Mr. Kipling's power and insight and serious penetrating sincerity is the second chapter of "Slaves of the Lamp," in which the boys are men of ripened lives, in which the dominant traits of their youth persist as shaping and determining influences. It is this chapter that gives to the book as a whole the point and weight that make it so satisfactory a product of a genius from which we have learned to expect so much.

## A BOOK TO STAND BY ELIA'S SIDE.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

It is said that only the most magnanimous natures can receive gracefully favors that it is unable to return in kind. For months the burden of obligation has been increasing, until to-day I venture to send a note of thanks and to express appreciation of the never-failing excellence of the intellectual feast your SATURDAY REVIEW spreads for the delectation of your many readers. Allow me to thank you especially for the articles on "Read the Old Books," "Bargain Hunting in Old Books," "The Friendship of Books," "Reading and Reading Lists," "Dusting Books," "On Cutting New Books," "A Savonarola Wanted," "Irrving Brown and His Books," "Catalogitis," "Book Collecting for Small Incomes," and others that are so sympathetic, so redolent of that nameless atmosphere that only the initiated know, that if gathered together and daintily bound in a volume the book would find its home on that precious "lower shelf" by the side of Elia as naturally as a bird would find its nest.

To-day you set before your readers a bewildering menu from which it is so difficult to choose that I run away as from a crowd of strangers, and appease the hunger caused by the display of so much that would be palatable to my intellectual taste at the home table.

New friends join the ranks in our bookcases as need and means permit. Some have a place waiting for them, others have a place made for them. Some, who have not yet found our hearts, usurp the place that is vacant, while a book we love is enjoying an active traveling life, during which period it will soften and mellow and model itself to our hands and learn to open at our favorite passages. Books are as teachable as other pets if treated lovingly.

Once in a while (a red letter day to us) a new bookcase comes into the house, and, following it, the delight of gathering up our homeless books that have lived hidden behind their assured brothers into places. Some come out from dark closets, others descend from the tops of bookcases, and all take on new dignity at once, standing up as straight and bright as a neglected flower brought to the sunlight. The person of unlimited means knows not the bliss of slow accumulation.

A glance at the table, drawn close to the blazing hickory log, this crisp October morning, shows the latest comers that are demanding a home on our bookshelves. Prof. Fiske's "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," Prof. Palmer's translation of the "Odyssey," Renan's "Life of Jesus," and, in ludicrous contrast, Mr. Dooley's "In Peace and War," and—a cribbage board. This cribbage board is not of "finest Sienna marble," but I wonder if Sarah Battle could have played that "essentially vulgar game" of cribbage during an evening and then "unbent her mind afterward" over such books!

Your pardon, Sarah Battle! Books take on the personality of their owners, and no book of yours would have had the temerity to litter a table or crowd a cribbage board. Your books would have been in their cases—a place for every book, and every book in its place, standing as you loved to sit at whilst, "bolt upright." But, revenons à nos moutons.

Will not THE SATURDAY REVIEW consider seriously the suggestion of gathering the essays mentioned into a booklet, and by so doing give your readers an opportunity to add one more book to that "lower shelf"?

AGNES E. BLANCHARD.

South Norwalk, Conn., Oct. 7, 1899.

## "DOOLEY'S LONDON SKETCHES."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I beg to thank you for a copy of THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW containing Mr. Alden's amiable remarks about Mr. Dooley. I am a little puzzled as to what Mr. Alden means by "Dooley's London Sketches." He says that they do not seem up to the usual mark. Perhaps what he meant was that, if I had written any London sketches, they wouldn't be up to the usual mark. I did nothing over there except the Dreyfus articles, and one other, which could hardly be called a London sketch. But he and THE TIMES have both been so kind to me that I can overlook this slight lapse. I enjoy THE SATURDAY REVIEW very much, and look for it every week. Thanking you again for your kindness in sending me this copy, I am very sincerely yours,  
Chicago, Oct. 16, 1899. P. P. DUNNE.

An important historical novel comes from the press of the Macmillan Company in a few days. This is "The Favor of Princes; a Tale of Old and New France," by Mark Lee Luther, a new writer. Those who have been fortunate enough to see the manuscript say that the book shows great promise. The scene is laid in the days of Louis XV. and changes from France to Canada. Several historical characters have important rôles, among them being Mme. de Pompadour, J. J. Rousseau, and the Duc de Choiseul.

The author of "A Pastoral Played Out," Mary L. Pendered, has written a new volume for the Doubleday & McClure Company, which is to be called "Michael Rolf, Englishman." It is said to be much after the style of Jane Austen in its careful detail, its gentle charm, and genuine feeling.

\*JANICE MEREDITH. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.  
\*STALKY & CO. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 1899. \$1.50.



## CHINA.

## A Volume Dealing with the Most Interesting Facts in Her History.\*

The recent struggle between China and Japan, the occupation of Port Arthur by the Russians, and the gradual absorption of Chinese territory by various nations have developed an unusual demand for books dealing with all phases of Chinese life, policy, and history. This is particularly true of histories of China, and while there have been many offered to English readers, none will come nearer to meeting the demand for a compact, historical handbook of China than the one which has recently appeared in the Story of the Nations Series from the pen of Robert K. Douglas.

The antiquity of China is so great and the history of the empire covers such a long period that it would be impracticable to satisfactorily treat the whole subject in a single volume of this series. The present work, therefore, is limited to the annals of the empire from the time of Marco Polo to the present day, leaving the earlier history of the country for a subsequent volume.

Of all the great nations of antiquity China alone has maintained her existence in defiance of the disintegrating effects of time, and the numerous assaults of powerful enemies. While the ancient empires of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria have waxed and waned, China has preserved her position in the Eastern world, and has extended rather than diminished her boundaries. From the original small body of settlers in the fertile regions of Northeastern China has developed the present powerful monarchy. Throughout their whole history the Chinese have shown a marked ability for acquiring territory, and have accomplished this more by a peaceful method of settling in neighboring lands than by direct invasion and conquest. They are not a belligerent people, which explains the ease with which they have been defeated by Japan and other nations of inferior size.

There are numerous native traditions of early China, but not till the twenty-first century B. C. can the records be considered at all authentic. At that time Confucius took up his pen. He found the empire tempest-tossed with faction and disloyalty, and his constant theme was virtue, and his panacea for all political ills was a return to virtue. Alive, he was ridiculed by rulers and people; dead, his teachings have been the guiding star of the nation.

It was left to Shih Hwangti to crush out many of the existing evils by establishing the empire with himself as its first universal sovereign. He labored for the welfare of his country, and there stands as a monument to his energetic administration the great wall. To his second successor is credited the first suspension bridge with a revival of letters. This period is considered one of the most glorious in China's history. Immense advances in arms and diplomacy were made, and the territory extended to the Caspian Sea. In the thirteenth century appeared Buddhism and the first missionaries of the Catholic faith. In 1644, the first sovereign of the present dynasty, Ta Ch'ing, ascended the throne. Many religious disturbances have been occasioned by missionaries. After numerous defeats they have, however, succeeded in gaining a foothold. At one time they made themselves so obnoxious to the Chinese that they should not meddle with the native religion or government.

Holland and Russia were the first European countries to send embassies to China, and they received a scant welcome. In 1644 the capital was removed from Moukden to Peking. Toward the end of the same century the Chinese signed a treaty with the encroaching Russian Government, their first compact with any European power. The year 1752 witnessed an interesting ceremony in honor of the sixtieth birthday of the Dowager Empress.

The whole route from Yuan-ming-yuan, some seven miles from Peking, to the Imperial palace, within the city walls, was made one long, festive pageant, while the sides of the road were lined with temporary pavilions and theatres, where musicians and actors did their utmost to add harmony and amusement to the scene. Within the city walls the decorations were even more elaborate than by the highways. Artificial mountains with Buddhist temples and monasteries dotted on their sides, arcades and restaurants bordered the streets, while for the amusement of the Imperial party children dressed as monkeys climbed artificial trees and gathered, with a variety of grimaces, every kind of artificial fruit. At other places gigantic pears and apples opened at intervals, displaying children in their hollow interiors. Never was there a more gorgeous scene, but it was robbed of more than half of its value and significance by the law which obliges, on such occasions, the inhabitants of the neighborhood to remain indoors with closed shutters, to prevent them gazing on the Dragon countenance.

The history of England's policy toward China is a checkered and complicated one. It is reasonable to believe that England would have long ago attempted to assume a suzerainty over Chinese affairs were it not for the presence of a powerful nation to the north of China, a nation which hopes and expects to dominate Chinese affairs and is almost as adept as Great Britain in annexing weaker nations.

Chinese history during the past 100 years is replete with momentous happenings. Gradually the barriers of centuries have been broken down, treaty ports established, outlying provinces have passed under foreign dominion, and the whole national edifice so changed that if the Mandarins of a century ago could view the present condition of things they would scarcely believe their eyes. The chances for trade de-

\*CHINA. By Robert K. Douglas. 12mo. 449 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price, \$1.50.

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## The New York Times. Saturday Review of Books and Art.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1899.

### THACKERAY THE CYNIC INDEED.

The publication of Mr. Lewis Melville's life of Thackeray brings up the old question of the man's cynicism, which, possibly excusable years ago in Thackeray's own lifetime, in the light of our present knowledge would seem to be entirely unwarrantable. Thackeray's nature seems best expressed in the little vignette of the tired jester on the yellow paper covers of the first edition of his own "Ballads." The little man, bauble in hand, has sat down to rest and for the moment removed his jester's mask, showing behind it the kindly visage of Thackeray himself—spectacles, smile, and all. We feel sure it is only those who can rot or will not look behind the jester's mask that still persist in speaking of Thackeray's cynicism. But let us look for proofs of this quality, this cynic nature so evident to many. Even at school Thackeray was said to be unusually good-natured and with no trace of the tyrant or bully. He would say:

"Go up and fetch me a volume of 'Ivanhoe' out of my drawer, there's a good fellow; in the same drawer you will perhaps find a penny, which you may take for yourself." The penny was indeed rather problematical. . . . When disappointed it is more than probable that the victim would call Thackeray "a great snob" for misleading him, a title for which the only vengeance would be a humorous and benignant smile. . . . I scarcely ever saw Thackeray seriously angry or even his brow wrinkled with a frown. He has been called a cynic; it is doubtful if a real cynic could ever be manufactured out of a boy who had such powers as he had of sarcasm and who used them so little unkindly.

The fight with Venables, with its disastrous results to Thackeray's nose, may also be cited as proving his manliness and the sweetness of his disposition, the two boys remaining firm friends all their lives. Thackeray the cynic never could have made the close friends our Thackeray had, many of the dearest of such friendships dating from school and college days. Herman Merivale has written of the warm friendship between his father and Thackeray:

The two men had much of the quiet side in common. The same philosophy, the same deep sense of religion, the same reserve which unites for general popularity and makes enemies where it is misunderstood, the same breadth of mental vision and incapacity for meaner things—above all, the same pole star, the Vanitas—and the same blessing of the quality of love.

Does not Fitz Gerald always speak of him as "dear old Thackeray"? The cynic may be very much admired, but he is never so addressed. Mrs. Ritchie has told us that Philip is largely founded on Thackeray's own character and experiences. Philip Firmin has always been our choice among all Thackeray's delightful creations, and, according to Mrs. Ritchie, he was not least among her father's own favorites. So it is pleasant to read in a note from the latter:

Philip is unfortunately going into poverty and struggle, but this can't be helped, and as he will, entre nous, take pretty much the career of W. M. T. in the first years of his ruin and absurdly imprudent marriage, at least the portrait will be faithful.

The story of Thackeray asking Frederick Walker to draw his back while he went on shaving is a pretty instance of cynicism. Walker, then a mere boy, was very much frightened, and his brother-in-law and biographer, Mr. Macks, says:

I think Mr. Thackeray's idea of turning his back toward him was as ingenious as it was kind, for I believe that if Mr. Walker had been asked to draw his face instead of his back he would hardly have been able to hold his pencil.

Mrs. Ritchie says of her father that she supposes some people disliked him, though he probably feared more did than was really the case, and that he was diffident, sensitive, and easily wounded. Such a nature, therefore, plus the gift of satire he so abundantly possessed, might be expected to don the jester's mask to hide his real feelings. The true cynic is too hardened, through his very cynicism to feel the small pricks which are so annoying to a sensitive man.

Thackeray indeed lost most of the satisfaction he experienced in editing *The Cornhill*, through the constant appeals made to his generosity, and the stories of manuscripts which had to be returned because utterly without merit and the pretty notes which accompanied them are most common. Even to return a poem of Mrs. Browning's because unsuited to the pages of *Cornhill* was hard work for him. "Who am I to refuse the poems of Elizabeth Browning and set myself up as a judge over her?"

Thackeray's letters all show the homeless man, hungering after love and affection, and a friend writes: "His

charity, like his religion, he was chary of mentioning, except to deprecate the idea that he was particularly beneficent." Thackeray was devoted to all children in general, and to his own in particular. Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, tells how Thackeray took him to hear the charity children sing in St. Paul's—the greatest sight to be seen in London:

"So we went, and I saw 'the head cynic of literature,' the 'hater of humanity,' as a critical duncie in *The Times* once called him, hiding his bowed head, wet with tears, while his whole form shook with emotion as the children of poverty rose to pour out their anthems of praise."

His devotion to his invalid wife, his children, his mother, and others of his family and friends is too well known to need description. He was never so happy as when able to praise his friends and their work in some open manner. His kindness to dependents is well known to us, even writing Mr. Brookfield from America, and begging him—

To pay a visit to my good cook and housekeeper, Grey, and say you have heard from me and that I am very well and making plenty of money, and that Charles [his valet] is well and a great comfort to me. It will comfort the poor woman—all alone in 38, yonder.

That Thackeray realized and was pained by this charge of cynicism is shown in his writings:

Are authors affected by their own works? . . . If I make a joke myself I cry; if I write a pathetic scene I am laughing wildly all the time. At least Tompkins thinks so. You know I'm such a cynic.

And we find Thackeray writing:

Who says the world is all cold? There is the sun and the shadows. And the heavens, which ordains poverty or sickness, sends pity and love and succor.

Behind them came dear, honest, kind Castlereagh, galloping alone; he pulled up on an errand of charity and kindness, conjuring hospital, woman he knows to get in, and so forth. There's a deal of good in this wicked world, isn't there?

George Brinsley has said that Thackeray "could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has unless Eden had been in his inner eyes"—so the following anent "Vanity Fair" may have a new meaning for those who have never before realized how quick Thackeray was to recognize and honor virtue, simplicity, honor, bravery, and unselfishness:

My kind reader will please to remember that this history has Vanity Fair for a title, and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked, foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs and falsehoods and pretensions. People there are living and flourishing in the world, . . . with no reverence except for prosperity and no eye for anything beyond success, faithless, hopeless, charityless. Let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main.

Two texts Thackeray constantly preached upon were, "Do your duty" and "Be good." "Nil Nisi Bonum" is almost, if not quite, the finest paper Thackeray ever wrote. The following extract from it, which he wrote of another, applies so well to Thackeray the cynic that it may well be given here:

A man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself, and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so vicious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it!

Examples without number could be given to show Thackeray's generous, unselfish nature, and extracts galore from his own writings could be chosen, where he has undoubtedly "spoken his mind," even if not "in spite of himself"; but space will not allow. Stevenson, in his own inimitable way, has sketched Thackeray for us so clearly and briefly, it must be given:

How many novelists are there who have such a gallery of characters as can be collected from Thackeray's stories? What admirable character drawing! What marvelous insight into men and women! If we met the originals in every-day life, if we saw them and talked with them and observed them, we should not notice their virtues and vices so. . . . He describes people as truly, as minutely, as humanly, and as humanely, too, as he has done requires the unfettered genius of a broad-minded man. Some one has said that to provide an author for "The Egoist" God had first to create a gentleman and then give him genius. Could there be a better basis upon which to build a criticism of Thackeray's works?

In closing let us hope we may at least have called fresh attention to Thackeray and his writings. A careful reading of such books ought to give us all a clear picture of the man, "in his habit as he lived," and we hope utterly to do away with this idea of cynicism. In closing may we not be pardoned for adding to a somewhat loving dissertation the opening verses of an obituary poem, far finer than the more commonly known "A Heart Beneath a Cynic's Cloak":

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

He was a cynic; by his life all wrought  
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways;  
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,  
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

He was a cynic; you might read it writ  
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair.

In those blue eyes, with childlike candor lit,  
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

He was a cynic; by the love that clung  
About him from his children, friends, and kin;  
By the sharp pain, light pen, and gossip tongue  
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within.

He was a cynic; let his books confess  
His Dobbin's silent love, or, yet more rare,  
His Newcome's chivalry and simpleness,  
His Little Sister's life of loving care.

Through Vanity's bright flaunting fair he walked,  
Making the puppet dance, the jugglers play;  
Saw virtue tripping, honest effort balked,  
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward way;

And told us what he saw; and if he smiled,  
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—  
But more of love than either—undeffiled,  
Gentle, alike by accident of birth.

### ARCHES OF TRIUMPH.

The arch of triumph prepared by the National Sculpture Society in hot haste, to meet the request of the committee having the reception of Admiral Dewey in charge, was a happy inspiration.

Critics have objected that it is not a new departure, nor even original enough to afford the most fitting kind of welcome for a modern conqueror, and an American at that. But there are several reasons why the choice of a classic arch was wise and the spot chosen fortunate.

In so far as the sculptors who decorated the structure are concerned it was wise to choose a well-known form of architecture. It is true that among the arches that survive from the times of the Emperors, that erected by the Senate of Rome in honor of Vespasian and of Titus, the taker of Jerusalem, is the one to which the new arch may be likened because of its general masses and proportions, but in many ways it resembles modern arches. Take, for example, the triumphal arch built by the City of Milan in the first decade of the present century to honor Napoleon, which is called the Sempion Arch. It was designed by Cagnola. This fine arch has the single span and the bas-reliefs on the sides, but instead of showing merely the pairs of engaged columns on the four faces of the piers it has before each pier two more columns well advanced like little shallow porticoes, columns naturally in the round. The spandrels of the arch contain river gods. The much later arch in Paris, which dominates the city and forms the most striking ornament of the Champs Elysées on the way to the Bois de Boulogne, called the Arch of the Star, has still closer analogies to our new arch. Its two piers are penetrated in the same way by lofty vaulted passages in the axis of the structure, thus affording two passages at right angles to each other.

The advantages of arches of the general shape of the Titus at Rome, the Sempion at Milan, and the Etoile at Paris are their height and elegance, together with a lofty attic, which supplies broad surfaces on which inscriptions in large letters can be placed. The old dilapidated arch of Augustus at Aosta, in the valley of that name, near the Grand St. Bernard Pass, was of the same general stamp. Moreover, the broad piers of arches of this concentrated type offer fine backgrounds for groups of statuary, and, owing to the narrowness of the sky line, compared with that of arches with three passages, the platform of the roof makes a finer stand for a group of sculptures, a compact group, which shall carry the eye up by various planes to the apex of the combined group and arch.

We have a good example of this advantage in our temporary naval arch at Madison Square. As to masses, the proportions have been admirably felt. The sea chariot with marine horses rises from a bed of waves, and the voluminous drapery of the Victory carries the planes up in pyramidal fashion to the arm and hand bearing the garland of laurel. The group does not look too small for the structure on which it stands, neither is there any feeling that it exceeds the right size or crushes the arch. Had classical precedents been followed, or had such a relation of the mass of the statuary on the roof to the arch itself as we find on the Milan example been accepted as the correct thing, the new arch would not be so successful as it is.

In the Milan arch the meagreness of the main group determined the designer to place single figures near the four corners of the platform, but instead of correcting the error, these figures only accentuate the mistake. As to the statues that crowned the arch of Titus, consisting in the main, of course, of a quadriga with a portrait of Titus or Vespasian standing on it, we can only conjecture what their effect was. Judging from the little we do know of the practice of the Romans in such matters, there is room for doubt that the group on the Titus was neither too small nor too large for the arch. In such delicate questions of proportion the Roman taste was coarse. Chances are that the statuary was not massive enough to dominate the arch and give the beholder the feeling that arch and sculptures are firmly knit together in one well-pondered harmonious whole.

The Arch of Titus, as it appears at present, seems to have no place for standing figures against the attic, figures which continue the lines of and give a structural meaning to those engaged columns on either side of the arched passage which frame the pier fronts and support the entablature. We find these figures, however, on the Arch of Constantine, also in the Forum at Rome. In our arch they are the figures of American Commodores that stand, each above a pillar on the pier front, with their backs to the attic. This feature is very charmingly

carried out in the little Arch of the Louvre, at Paris. There the figures against the attic are soldiers of different arms of the service in the Napoleonic hosts, wearing picturesque helmets or caps of different shapes, but each bearing a plume or pompon.

It is therefore evident that the succeeding generations have found the example of the Romans in regard to triumphal arches worth following. The arch at Orange, not far from Avignon, in the south of France, shows how early the fashion spread into Gaul; the French and Italian examples just mentioned belong to the present century. The arch has been an accepted architectural form for more than 1,900 years. What does that mean? It means that sculptors and architects already understand the arch to a certain degree, owing to their familiarity with extant specimens, and therefore are better able to judge beforehand how sculpture will look when placed on it than they could were the structure a new thing. And that is a great advantage when time presses and the statuary must be prepared off-hand.

As regards the public, there is this advantage. The educated public takes pleasure in a classic form, owing to early associations with Latin history and art, while the uneducated are subdued to speechless admiration by the marvelous spirit of ancient architecture. It is with our arch as it was with the architecture at the World's Fair. As a good lady visiting Chicago from a thinly settled Western State quaintly remarked when she stood for the first time in the Court of Honor: "Now I know what the Heavenly Jerusalem may be like!" The Madison Avenue arch simply crushes people who have never seen those of Europe—and pleases those who have.

A peculiarity of the arches at Rome, which retain more or less of their sculptures, is the extent to which the Romans relied on bas-reliefs compared with figures in the round. In the new arch the reverse is the case. Except for the side panels and the spandrels to right and left of the arch of the passage, there is little work in high or low relief. But groups and figures abound. Yet are there many parts of the arch where reliefs can be carved without overloading the fronts with sculpture. There are the side walls of the main passage and those of the passage at right angles, and it would be entirely correct, so far as precedents can make it correct, if the vaulted soffits or ceilings of these passages were carved with reliefs. In fact, the triumphal arch is like those shrines, pyxes, or boxes, the ancients made to contain religious emblems or objects of great price. Decorations were lavished on them; they often seem to have been made for the purpose of being decorated rather than for any serious usefulness. So the arch of triumph is a piece of pure architectural and sculptural art in that it subserves no direct utilitarian purpose, but has its own beauty as a reason for its existence.

There seems no good reason why a city or a nation, like an individual, should not own objects that lack the ordinary attribute of usefulness, although there will always be minds that have a horror of such things. If one were to penetrate, however, to the homes of those who make this old and well-worn objection to things not directly useful, one would be sure to find grotesque contradictions. Even Gracindin cannot help himself; he always has somewhere perfectly hideous and also useless things which he cherishes, despite his theories. For the instinct that shows itself in primitive man is too deeply planted to be removed by cold reasoning. It is therefore only natural that New York, seeing how delightful a boxful of sculpture she has on Madison Square, should take steps to keep it, if not exactly as it is in all its details, yet substantially the same arch of triumph, with its colonnade approaches, placed, if possible, on the very spot which it now adorns.

The neighborhood of buildings does not harm the Dewey arch in the eyes of those who have seen the surviving arches of Italy. On the contrary, surroundings of that sort appear the natural thing. When the Forum was standing, the three arches of Titus and Constantine and Septimius Severus must have risen in the closest sort of proximity with buildings of great height and bulk. They were placed in the thick of the city, not relegated to distant parts, where they were plenty of elbow room, or placed alone on a hill. Triple arches, like those of Constantine and Severus, had side passages for men afoot, so that the latter might not be crushed by the stream of vehicles, proof that the places where they stood were densely thronged. The Dewey arch will gain in effect by remaining in the heart of the city, where all processions will of necessity pass beneath it, and only follow ancient precedent by standing near buildings of varied size.

The arch, standing alone as an expression of gratitude to a conqueror or of satisfaction in some great national achievement, like the pacification of a revolution or the freeing of a nation from the ascendancy of aliens, is thus seen in the light of an accepted convention. It has been used in the figurative sense from time immemorial, as when one speaks of the "gate of life" or the Turk alludes to the Sublime Porte or the modern Persian heretic prays in secret for the health of him who represents the Báb, or portal to the true inner life of the spirit.

The Romans did not invent for architecture the arch so cleverly fitted with vousoirs of correct shape and locked together at the apex of the round by the keystone. It had been invented before the founding of the Eternal City, and was used by the Etruscans, who helped to make Rome great, as the great underground sewers of Rome bear witness.

But the Romans introduced the arch into architecture and made it famous throughout the ancient world of the West. There-



fore it is only natural that they should have been the people to specialize the arch in some independent form which has no directly useful purpose. What is extraordinary, however, is the fact that so business-like and utilitarian a folk should have been the one to take a step in architecture so little in keeping with the general character of the people. And in truth it did not occur to them to fix in stone the old temporary arches of triumph till, through the spoils of nations and provinces, they had become so rich that they scarcely knew—some of them—what to do with their wealth. Had the Augustuses possessed a writer of annals like Pausanias, who interested himself in art works so far as to register a chronicle of the arts, very likely we should have been informed that the person at Rome who first suggested an elaborate arch of triumph in stone was a Greek in the employ of Romans, one of those sculptors from Greece or Asia Minor who conducted flourishing ateliers for the benefit of rich and art-loving patricians and for those Emperors who strove to recall in Italy the glories of the age of Pericles and Phidias.

There was an arch that the Romans used to erect during their early history, when they were battling with the little nations of Italy about them and gradually obtaining the sole command of the peninsula, a very temporary arch—an arch of infamy. When they conquered they would plant two spears in the earth and lay a third spear across; then compel the vanquished to "pass under the yoke." It was symbolical of slavery and death, but also a merciful substitute for the earlier slaughter of captives when the conquered warriors were devoted to the gods of the underworld. The triumphal arch was just the opposite, it was a gateway of life and of glory.

CHARLES DE KAY.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Up to and including Thursday Afternoon.  
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

**THE HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NETHERLANDS.** By Petrus Johannes Blok. Part II. From the Beginning of the Fifteenth Century to 1559. Translated by Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

**SYLLABUS OF A COURSE OF EIGHTY-SEVEN LECTURES ON MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY.** By H. Morse Stephens. 12mo. Pp. xviii-319. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

**A HISTORY OF QUAKER GOVERNMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.** Vol. II. The Quakers in the Revolution. By Isaac Sharpless. 12mo. Pp. 255. Philadelphia: T. S. Leach & Co. \$1.50.

**STORIES FROM FROISSART.** By Henry Newbolt. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. xxxi-368. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

**HAWAIIAN AMERICA.** Something of Its History, Resources, and Prospects. By Caspar Whitney. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. xii-355. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

**THE NEW-DORN CUBA.** By Franklin Matthews. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. xii-388. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

**THE MOORISH EMPIRE.** A Historical Epitome. By Budgett Meakin. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. xxiii-576. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. \$5.

**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850.** By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. IV. 1862-1864. 8vo. Pp. xiii-557. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

**BLUEBEARD: A CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY AND FOLKLORE.** Being the History of Gilles de Retz of Brittany. France. By Thomas Wilson. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. xv-212. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**THE ROMANCE OF LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA.** By Frances Gerard. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. i-302. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

**THE TRAGEDY OF DREYFUS.** By G. W. Stevens. 16mo. Pp. 290. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MUSICIAN.** By Thomas Ryan. 12mo. Pp. xvi-274. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

**CHARLOTTE BRONTE AT HOME.** By Marion Harland. Literary Heartstones Series. 16mo. Pp. xi-308. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**WILLIAM COWPER.** By Marion Harland. Literary Heartstones Series. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. x-237. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER.** Selections from his correspondence, 1880-1881. 12mo. Pp. ix-245. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

**RELIGION AND SCIENCE.** HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. W. Windelband. Authorized translation by Herbert Ernest Cushman. From the second German edition. 8vo. Pp. xv-303. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.** A Practical Guide for the Beginner. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. Illustrated. Fifth edition. Revised and enlarged. 12mo. Pp. 120. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.25.

**FIRST COURSE IN MATHEMATICS.** The Home Study Circle. 12mo. Pp. vi-340. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Company. \$1.

**THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.** Prospectus for 1899-1900. The second edition. 16mo. Pp. 184. Brooklyn.

**BRINGING UP BOYS.** A Study. By Kate Upson Clark. 18mo. Pp. 227. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.

**BACTERIA.** Especially as They are Related to the Economy of Industrial Processes, and to the Public Health. By George Newman. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. xiv-348. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

**PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM.** By Rev. Charles H. Vall. 16mo. Pp. 237. New York: Commonwealth Company.

**THE INSECT WORLD.** A Reading Book of Entomology. Compiled and edited by Clarence Moore Wood. 16mo. Pp. xvi-210. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.

**DREH-ING-GEAN.** The True Secret of Health of the Body. Based upon Perfection in its Sanitary Conditions. By Lucy Bissell Sanders. 16mo. Pp. 117. New York: Sanders Company.

**LIBRARY OF BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.** Edited by George R. Crooks, D. D., and John F. Hurst, D. D. Vol. IX. The Foundation of the Christian Faith. 8vo. Pp. xxviii-616. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$3.50.

**HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.** By S. D. McConnell, D. D. Eighth edition revised and enlarged. 8vo. Pp. xx-452. New York: Thomas Whitaker. \$2.

**ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.** A Guide to the Study of the International Sunday School Lesson. 1900. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, Robert Remington Doherty. 8vo. Pp. 388. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.25.

**CAN I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER?** Lectures Delivered at the Summer School of Theology of Harvard University. By William Newton Clarke. 16mo. Pp. 215. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

**A MANUAL OF SUNDAY SCHOOL METHODS.** By Addison Finney Foster, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 844. Philadelphia: The Union Press. 75 cents.

**WITH GOD IN THE WORLD.** A Series of Papers. By Charles H. Brent. 18mo. Pp. 148. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.

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**THE PASSING OF SELF.** Two Practical Chapters Drawn from the Words of Christ. By John Franklin Jennings. 12mo. Pp. 48. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.

**THE CITY WITHOUT A CHURCH.** An Address by Henry Drummond. 12mo. Pp. 32. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.

**THE CHARM OF JESUS.** By Gustav Tietze. Translated by Walter Rauschenbusch. 12mo. Pp. 64. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.

**THE PROGRAMME OF CHRISTIANITY.** By Henry Drummond. 12mo. Pp. 32. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.

**OXFORD CHURCH TEXTBOOK: THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.** Their History and Explanation. By the Rev. B. J. Kidd. In 2 vols. Vol. II. New York: James Pott & Co. 50 cents.

**UNTO THE HILLS.** A Meditation on the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm. By the Rev. J. R. Miller. 12mo. Pp. 32. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.

**SELECTIONS FROM TABLE TALK OF MARTIN LUTHER.** Translated by Capt. Henry Bell. 24mo. Pp. 102. Cassell's National Library. London: Cassell & Co. 10 cents.

**EVANGELINE.** A Tale of Acadia. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edited by Thomas Hall. 18mo. Pp. xxiii-142. The Cambridge Literature Series. Boston: Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co. 30 cents.

**THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL AND OTHER POEMS.** By James Russell Lowell. Edited by Thomas Hall. 18mo. Pp. xxix-63. The Cambridge Literature Series. Boston: Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co. 30 cents.

**POEMS OF KEATS AND SHELLEY.** Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. 18mo. Pp. 105. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

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## THOMSON THE POET OF DESPAIR.\*

The Persian poet Firdusi, according to a legend treated by Heine, lived for many years in poverty and exile, forgotten by the Prince whose praises he had sung so well. But one day, when the royal cook had been particularly successful, and the plashing of the fountains sounded particularly soothing to the royal ear, an accident recalled the poet to his Majesty's memory. Scores of slaves, leading camels loaded with priceless treasure, were immediately dispatched by the grateful monarch, with orders to seek out the bard and reward him for his song. They reached the city where the poet had found a refuge, but just as the train of slaves and camels entered at the western gate another procession filed slowly out of the eastern gate. It was Firdusi's funeral procession, and the King had come too late. This would seem to be a warning to poets not to tire of waiting for their reward. Unfortunately, however, there have been poets in lands west of Persia who have lacked the time to prove that everything comes to him who waits, and who have been compelled to leave the battlefield without the fruits of victory.

The late James Thomson, the "poet of despair," was one of those writers who found life a losing fight—to quote his own words, "one long defeat." To most of us perhaps the name James Thomson suggests nothing more than the amiable Georgian poet of "The Seasons," surviving now chiefly in "Histories of English Literature"; yet when, seventeen years ago, the second James Thomson ended in a London hospital a career which had been singularly forlorn of opportunity, there were even then not a few who believed that the succeeding generation would find the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" ranked high among the poets of his time. The belief has proved well founded. Seventeen years is long enough for many a poet who flourished gayly in his day to be forgotten, but Thomson's works have been steadily gaining ground. There have been several reprints of his best-known poem, his scattered prose essays have been collected, and the present attempt (not the first) to introduce him to a wider circle of American readers in the volume, "The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems," recently published by A. McClurg & Co., would seem to be meeting with success.

Thomson was born at Port Glasgow in 1834 of middle-class parents, his father holding a position in the merchant navy. The death of his mother and the intemperate habits of his father caused the home to be early broken up, and the young Thomson was placed in the Caledonian Orphan Asylum, which is described by his friend and biographer, Mr. Dobell, as an excellent institution, but which could hardly furnish suitable opportunities for the unusually gifted boy. As it proved, the only occupation open to him was that of an army schoolmaster, and during eleven years Thomson discharged the uncongenial duties of this position. During the first year of his service as assistant schoolmaster, when hardly more than a boy, he met the young girl he calls his "good angel," whose untimely death cast a shadow over her lover's life. Another army association which was to influence him deeply was his acquaintance with Charles Bradlaugh. Although Mr. Dobell assures us that Thomson reached his extreme theological position as a result of his own reading and meditation, and independently of his intimacy with Bradlaugh, yet it was due to the famous atheist that Thomson had even the slight opportunity of gaining the public ear that was vouchsafed him. With the exception of a few poems published from 1858 to 1860 in Tait's Magazine and "Sunday Up the River," which appeared in Fraser's, all Thomson's important poetical work from 1860 to 1875 appeared in Bradlaugh's National Reformer. In spite of the unusual power and beauty of some of the poems—the exquisite "To Our Ladies of Death" was published as early as 1863—his work attracted little notice until 1874, when "The City of Dreadful Night" appeared. The critics were roused by this poem, and many appreciative notices followed its publication. What Thomson valued most of all was a letter of praise from George Eliot, in which she wrote to the unknown author: "My mind responds with admiration to the distinct vision and grand utterance in the poem which you have been so good as to send me." Philip Bourke Marston, George Meredith, Oliver Madox Browne, and Mathilde Blind were among others who expressed their admiration for Thomson's genius.

In spite of the measure of recognition awarded him, Thomson's life, at best an unequal struggle with poverty and melancholy, grew more and more burdensome. Apart from the precarious paths of such journalism as his pronounced views left open to him, he had no settled way of gaining a livelihood. After leaving the army, in 1862, he had for some time held a clerkship in Bradlaugh's office. In 1872 he visited America in the capacity of Secretary to a short-lived mining company, and in the following year he spent two months in Spain as special correspondent of The World—our own World—during the Carlist rebellion. But toward the end of his life his contributions to such periodicals as would accept his work were his chief support, and that he was but poorly paid is shown by the following: In 1875, owing to an unfortunate disagreement with Bradlaugh, he ceased to contribute to The National Reformer. For the next six years his main dependence was a trade journal called Cope's Tobacco Plant—a trade journal with literary tendencies, however, for Thomson's writings for it included articles on Ben Jonson, Rabelais,

John Wilson, James Hogg, and Walt Whitman, and Mr. Dobell tells us that Thomson probably earned as much from his contributions to The Tobacco Plant as from all his other literary work put together. Still, these were hard years for him. In 1879 he writes: "I can still but barely manage to keep head above water—sometimes sinking under for a bit." The words of praise which had greeted his masterpiece had not found sufficient echo to encourage the unfortunate author, now all but ready to give up the battle. For "seven songless years" he wrote no verse, only breaking silence shortly before his death, when through the kind offices of Mr. Dobell two volumes of his poems found a publisher in the liberal-minded firm of Reeves & Turner, and met with a favorable reception. The powerful "Voice from the Nile," which gives its name to the posthumous volume of fugitive pieces, issued in 1884, and the fine but almost unbearably painful "Insomnia" date from this period. The reader of the last-mentioned poem will not judge Thomson too harshly because of the intemperance to which he became a victim during the later years of his life. His biographer lays stress upon the fact that he did not willingly yield himself up to drink, but in the solitude and despair depicted so faithfully in "The City of Dreadful Night," with the torments of sleeplessness added, the temptation to seek relief in the forgetfulness alcohol could give, finally grew too strong to be resisted. But in June of 1882 the struggle ended, and Thomson met his death exactly as the sole author with whom he can be said to claim any literary kinship—Edgar Allan Poe—had done thirty-three years before. Few literary lives have less brightness to set against the shadow, but it is through the very desolation of his life that Thomson has gained his sad eminence, since a happier man could not have portrayed despair so faithfully.

In these days of Kipling worship, Thomson's poems may gain additional interest from the fact that Kipling's writings show that their author knows his Thomson well. In "The Light That Failed" the artist-heroine paints a picture suggested by Thomson's marvelous description of the "melencolia that transcends all wit" in "The City of Dreadful Night." Eustace Cleaver, in one of the "Plain Tales," mutters a quotation that is very evidently Thomson's:

Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,  
Lips would not sing if they could but kiss.

To the gruesome "Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" is prefaced the refrain, "As I came through the desert thus it was," from "The City of Dreadful Night," which Mr. Stedman has compared to "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," and the phrase "The City of Dreadful Night" has no doubt become familiar to us all since Kipling has used it as a title for a collection of sketches of Calcutta in its darker aspects. Kipling is by no means given to quotation—in fact, he has a convenient habit of inventing his own quotations, and it is therefore curious to see the attraction which the poet of failure and negation seems to have for the young singer of life and action.

"Shall not the wise as well as the witless have their poet?" asks Mr. Stedman, apropos of Landor. Thomson will never be popular—the character of his subjects is such as to render popularity impossible, but to adapt the critic's query: "Shall not the sad, as well as the merry, have their poet?"

## "BAR SINISTER" AND "BEND SINISTER."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

The very interesting article "Where American Heraldry Is Weak" in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of Sept. 23 and the correspondence it has elicited prompt me to ask information concerning the use of the "bar sinister." Is not the bar when impressed from right to left indicative of irregularity in lineage or of some stain upon the escutcheon?

There are many who bear arms duly certified at the Herald's College which show an impression from left to right. Can there be a similarity so close recognized? Please explain what "sinister" means in heraldry and how the bar should be impressed to show that it is not a bar sinister.

New York, Sept. 30, 1899.

Your correspondent "X Inquirer" fails to comprehend the distinction in English heraldry between the "bend" and the "bar." As was explained in THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW of Sept. 30, the "bar" is a narrow band crossing the shield horizontally, being a diminutive of the fess. The arms of Washington show on a field argent two bars and three mullets in chief within a bordure gules: that is, the shield is white (or silver) crossed by two red horizontal stripes, above which, at the top of the shield, appear three mullets or five-pointed stars, all surrounded by a border also of red. It has been imagined that the first suggestion for the American flag came from these arms. Some of us can remember that during our civil war the flag of the Confederacy was called—and, for a wonder, the term was fairly accurate from a heraldic standpoint—the "Stars and Bars" in distinction from the National "Stars and Stripes." A "bar sinister" is an impossibility: the only way to reverse it would be to place it vertically, in which case it would be called a "pallet."

The "dexter" side of a shield is that at the left hand of the spectator, being supposed to be toward the right of the knight who holds the shield before him; the "sinister" side is correspondingly on the right, as we look at it. Now the "bend," a band crossing the shield diagonally from the top of the dexter side to the bottom of the sinister side, may be reversed, and cross the shield diagonally from sinister to dexter, thus becoming a "bend sinister," which does not denote any "irregularity in lineage" or stain of any kind "upon the escutcheon." The bend sinister is now rarely met with in heraldry. It is said that the erroneous but common imagination that it implies dis-

grace has induced certain families who anciently bore that ordinary to change it to a bend dexter.

As to the "baton," the heraldic symbol of illegitimacy, Guillim says: "This word batune is derived from the French word baston, which signifieth a wand or cudgell. . . . This is the proper and most usual note of illegitimacy, (perhaps for the affinity betwixt Baston and Bastards; or else for that bastards lost the privilege of freemen, and so were subject to the servile stroke,) and it containeth the fourth part of the bend sinister; and being thus borne, differeth from all the subdivisions of the ordinaries. . . . what conformity soever any one of them may seem to have therewith."

It appears to me that "X Inquirer's" questions were answered in the communications published in THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW of Sept. 30, but the foregoing may make the matter clearer to his mind. I have presented nothing but what may be found in any treatise on Heraldry, and is familiar to any one who has made even the most superficial study of the subject.

E. D. FRENCH.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1899.

## NORUMBEGA NOT ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Referring to the extract from Mr. John Fiske's book printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW of Oct. 14, allow me to say that, while Mercator may, on one of his maps, have printed the name Norumbega across the Hudson River, and have printed the same word as the name of a village at the head of New York Bay, such a word would not have been understood by the Algonquins who lived upon both sides of the Hudson and upon Manhattan Island.

Norumbega, properly Narambégik, (modern Penobscot, Nalambégik,) is an Old Abnaki term, meaning "quiet water." With the postposition "k," meaning "at," the word becomes Narambégik, signifying "at the quiet water." The attributive nara (or nala) with the meaning of "quiet" or "still," does not (so far as my studies teach me) occur in the dialects spoken by the Indians who inhabited the banks of the Hudson (Lenape on the west and also upon the east as far as to Columbia County, where the domain of the Mohegans began.)

Narambégik was a general (not specific) term for any stretch of quiet water between two rapids or waterfalls upon a river, and would be equally applicable (more especially in the form Narambégik) to a village established at such a locality. On the various rivers of Maine there are many such quiet stretches, and so it would of course be impossible to identify the particular "Norumbega River," or the site of the particular "city" or village of Norumbega mentioned by old writers. Even did the word under consideration belong to the dialect of the Indians of the Hudson, there is no place in the navigable part of that stream to which it would be applicable.

The Indian names for the Hudson River are a matter of record. To the Algonquins it was Muhiganituk, the "Mohegan tidal river." To some of the Iroquois it was Kahionhadadie, the "river that extends along," (according to Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, an authority on the Iroquoian dialects.) To the Mohawks (Iroquoian) it was Skanatafi Gahunda, the "river on the other side of the village," i. e., of the Indian village on the site of the present Albany, (Skanatafi, in the corrupt form of Schenectady, has since become the name of a well-known city in this State.) It has generally been supposed that one of the aboriginal names of the Hudson River was Shatemuc, (spelled also Shatemuck,) and the statement that such was the case has often been repeated in books since Washington Irving gave the word currency in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Irving obtained the word from his contemporary, Judge Egbert Benson, who tells us in his memoirs that he obtained it in 1785 from a man named Rouw of Germantown, N. Y., who claimed that it had been made known to him by the Mohegan Indians. Our Indians were not destitute of humor, and if any Mohegan or other Algonquin told the simple-minded Rouw that Shatemuc was the name of the Hudson it was for the purpose of making a butt of him. If the word has any meaning at all, it stands for K'shatemaki, signifying "tobacco land," a name applicable to any tobacco plantation.

Finally, it may be stated as an incontrovertible fact, based upon the evidence of philology, that "the river of Norumbega was" not "the Hudson, and that the village of Norumbega was" not "at the head of the bay into which it empties; that is to say, on Manhattan Island."

W. R. GERARD.

New York, Oct. 14, 1899.

Mr. Edwin Markham has just written a poem called "The Suicide," which will be first published in the November number of Scribner's Magazine. The question is, Who is the suicide? Many sociologists will say that it must be "The Man with the Hoe." The question is one of vast and intricate speculation. Nobody will deny that Mr. Markham can write verse that sticks like a burr in the memory; but there are many who doubt that this is real poetry, for the simple reason that it is not true to life—at any rate, not true to the life that Mr. Markham knows anything about. And he is himself a conspicuous and personal refutation of his creed, if creed it can be called. The men that the poet would symbolize by "The Man with the Hoe," in this country at least, have infinite opportunities, and if they still continue to hoe it is because they are fit for nothing else. To champion the cause of their worthlessness shows but a narrow, certainly a morbid, view of modern civilization. And the more we think of it the firmer becomes our conviction that Mr. Edwin Markham, at last seeing the false and pernicious and unworthy character of his protégé, has consigned him to a suicide's grave. And now sing Mr. Markham of the Man with the Hoe who succeeds—of the man mentally and morally, as well as physically, healthy.

\*THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS. Being a Selection from the Poetical Works of James Thomson, (1739-1802). 18mo. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.



## OLD FRANCE.

Ways that Were Not Our Ways  
as to Cleanliness.\*

"An Idler in Old France" tells a fascinating but in some ways repulsive story of the old France of past centuries down to and including the days of the Louises. Mr. Hopkins tells us it is in vain to look to the pages of fiction for any accurate description of Paris in the old days. In novels we may properly seek the "externals of architecture, the marshaling of crowds in proper costume on gala days, the processions of priests, magistrates, councilors in furs, or jingling soldiers, the fêtes, fairs, and mystery shows in the crooked streets or at the crossways," and many other scenes of like nature, but what we may not hope to find is the very town itself, with its imperfections clearly to be seen by everybody, the old streets as they appeared on ordinary occasions, and, above all, the dirt, the odors, the poverty, and lack of common decency, in which the whole population, from the King to the lowest commoner, lived in perfect content. Mr. Hopkins gives us to understand that mere decency was not more advanced in the most polite capital of Europe in those early days than we might expect to find to-day in the habitations of the Eskimos, and that the complete lack of sanitation in London, Paris, Florence, or in Rome led to the conditions proper to the breeding of disease, such conditions existing not only in the streets of these cities, but on the stairways and in the corridors of palaces, the abodes of Princes and nobles, in the monasteries, and in every household detail and arrangement of the heroines of old romance.

Mr. Hopkins points out how cleverly Victor Hugo avoided all details of fifteenth century Paris, by giving us a fine view of that city from the towers of Notre Dame, from which point nothing could be more inspiring than a bird's-eye view of this old Gothic city, with its hanging turrets, pointed gables, and carved and painted house fronts, with projecting stories.

The streets of Paris were unpaved, rough, and utterly without scope, the water settling in stagnant pools everywhere. These streets were so narrow people could talk across them from window to window, and swarmed with pigs, dogs, ducks, geese, and other animals. In 1131 the heir to the throne, Philippe, son of Louis le Gros, was thrown by a pig and died from his injuries. In Summer these streets were so odorous that travelers might know by the scent how far they were from Paris. At different times ordinances were passed regarding the paving and cleaning of the city, but passed only to be disregarded, and in 1348 the first severe visitation of the plague occurred, which lasted for eighteen months, one authority stating that 80,000 people died in Paris alone. Time after time, and with increasing severity, the plague returned, but still the sanitary condition remained about the same, and the dire disease was considered "a visitation of Providence."

The streets of a Gothic city, however beautiful they might seem from the summit of a tall cathedral tower, were too narrow for health even under the strictest sanitary efforts; only the width of a narrow passage, but little air and no sunlight could be admitted. In the seventeenth century the condition of the city was but little better, and leprosy abounded, the efforts of the State being all directed to secluding the leper, all hope of cure for the disease having been abandoned. The personal cleanliness of the French was not too highly developed, as may be inferred from the following extract:

I blush in writing it, but Lamb's observation, "Martin if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!" might have been addressed, if not with perfect propriety, at least with perfect truth, to fair and witty Margaret of Navarre—nay, it is her Majesty herself who, in the frankest way, makes the avowal to her lover, "Look at these lovely hands of mine; they have not been washed for eight days, yet I will wager they outshine yours!"

Mr. Hopkins reminds us of the full significance of this story; that there were no forks, no handkerchiefs, and that people ate with their fingers, yet went with their hands unwashed!

The little "Civilities," the forerunners of our own books of etiquette, reveal queer customs. One of these, the "Loix de la Galanterie," published in 1640, advises the gallant to "take the trouble to wash his hands every day," and that he should wash his face "almost as often." "The Precepts of Prosperity and Christian Civility," published as late as 1782, advises the "cleaning of the face with a soft, fine towel, in order to remove its impurities; it is less well to wash it with water, which renders the skin too susceptible to cold in Winter and to the action of the sun in Summer."

The book then takes up "Old Paris at Table," including a description of Louis XIV's enormous appetite. It was the boast of the "Grand Monarque" that he ate nothing between meals, but the Princess Palatine describes an ordinary meal as follows: "Four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a great plate of salad, two great slices of ham, a plate of mutton seasoned with garlic, pastry, and after that fruit and hard-boiled eggs." St. Simon adds: "So prodigiously and solidly did he eat, night and morning, that no one who watched him could ever grow accustomed to the sight."

The way food was prepared and served does not sound too attractive, "almost every dish, whatever its composition, being

drenched with one or the other of the sickly perfumes of which the Court of Louis Quatorze reeked eternally. Roast meats were covered with a scented powder, capons were 'greased' with sugarplums, mackerel was cooked in fennel, pastry was steeped in musk, walnuts were eaten with rose water, and hippocras and every other drink were redolent of musk, amber, or roses."

The whole book is thoroughly interesting, including the description of the French mediaeval inn and the pulpit of the same time:

All Paris knew Brother Mallard's skill in improving the occasion. . . . The reverend father was as good as a Times newspaper or a Saturday Review—I think he was better than either. . . . Answer me, ye merchants, is there any difference in character between the devil and you? A rogue and swindler is the devil, you know. You winesellers there, are you still palming off as the good liquor of Orleans or Anjou that precious mixture of your own? I see a cloth merchant or two down there; are you at your old tricks, too? I know you! Selling your rubbish for Beauvoir or Rouen wools, eh? . . . Has not Pope Innocent forbidden all books save those approved by the Bishop or the vicar? Oh, most miserable booksellers! Is it not enough that you damn your own souls? Must you into the bargain damn the souls of others by printing and selling to them vile books in praise of luxury and love?"

The chapters on "Apprentice, Workman, and Master," "The Surgeon Barbers," "The Chase," and "Writing and Writing Masters," all throw a great deal of light on the curious customs of those old days, and will be found of much interest, as will those on the old prisons and on some of the noted escapes therefrom. "By the jangling of their chains the singers were proclaimed before they came in sight. These were the forgers or convicts of France marching to the prison called the Bagne, and singing as they went the 'Chanson de la Veuve,'—'Song of the Widow'—the guillotine—the widow maker. They came on at a slow and painful tramp, hundreds of them, men and youths, each bearing an iron collar and supporting a part of the chain which attached him by the neck to the prisoner in front. Their clothes were dull with dust; dust and sweat had made a glaze upon their faces. Some of the younger ones wore a look of terror, the effect of the dreadful song of the widow, added to the wretchedness of their situation."

An "Episode in the History of the Comédie Française" is a story of the Paris of the Reign of Terror, which unlike most tales of that era had, fortunately, a happy ending. The last chapter of all, that on Gavarni, brings us down to the present day, the latter dying as late as 1866. Gavarni, the artist, and Balzac, the novelist, each in his own way, made Paris and her people his own; and the pencil of the one was as fertile and as indefatigable as the pen of the other. But space will allow no further extracts from a book in which the reader will be interested from cover to cover, so freshly is it told and so interesting are the subjects treated.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Harry A. Heberd, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Kindly print a list of books on the life of Nathan Hale." E. W. Brown's "Nathan Hale," New York, Ogilvie, 50c., is the latest. Another is B. J. Lossing's "Two Spies: Nathan Hale and John André," New York, Appletons, 1886.

"J. L. L." Gramercy Park, New York City: "Has the autograph of Guitau any value, and is any attached to the autograph of Henry Wirz, commandant of Andersonville Confederate Military Prison?"

Most of Guitau's letters have slight value. The autograph of Wirz is seldom seen. An order for making an arrest, signed by him, March 25, 1862, at Tuscaloosa, Ala., sold for \$19 at an autograph sale in Philadelphia in February, 1898.

"Anxious," New York City: "What did Lots 43 and 70 bring at Bangs's at the sale of Sept. 28, 1899?" Twenty cents and 50 cents, respectively.

"Ph. D.," Scranton, Penn.: "What is the value of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' London, Jacob Tonson, 1711, 12mo, with copperplate engravings, in full morocco binding, and in fine condition? Bound with it is Addison's 'Notes upon the Twelve Books of Paradise Lost,' London, Tonson, 1719. How can I dispose of it?"

This is a good edition of "Paradise Lost," but though rare, is not extremely valuable. Possibly it might bring \$15 at auction. A copy, sold with "Paradise Regained," 1721, fetched 25 5s. In London a few years ago. A dealer in books might care to buy it. Among those who buy rare books are Dodd, Mead & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, W. E. Benjamin, George D. Smith, &c.

"Sydney," New York City: "I am anxious to become acquainted with the best poetry that has been written in Australia. Please help me."

See Douglas B. W. Sladen's "Australian Poets, 1788-1888," New York, Cassell, 1890, which contains a representative collection of poems written in Australia and New Zealand during the first century of the British colonization, with an introduction by Arthur Patchett Martin. This is an excellent anthology, and the notes on the authors included are of value. A judicious selection is given in Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," latest edition, Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893. The latter includes several poems not in the former, among them Adam Lindsay Gordon's lines, "How We Beat the Favorite."

"C. M.," Sumter, N. C.: "How were the 'Rejected Addresses' written?"

When Drury Lane Theatre was reopened in 1812 the managers desired to inaugurate the new building with a poetical address which should be worthy of the occasion. Accordingly, they advertised and received over one hundred poems. None of them proved worthy, and Byron was asked to write the "Opening Address," which was spoken Saturday, Oct. 10, 1812. Meanwhile the peculiar circumstances connected with the affair suggested to James and Horace Smith that a collection of imaginary "addresses," in which the style of certain popular poets should be parodied, would receive favor. The book was written, offered to

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Murray for £20, who refused, and finally was published by James Miller, the authors to receive half the profits. Its success was great. The Smiths made £1,000 out of the book, and in 1819 Murray was glad to get the copyright for £131. James Smith wrote Nos. 2, 5, 7, 13, 14, 16, 17, and the travesties Nos. 18, 19, and 20. Horace wrote the remainder of the volume.

"A. R.," Boston: "I have complete files of several prominent American humorous papers, in numbers, as issued. How can I best dispose of them?"

Bound periodicals usually bring 50 per cent. more than they do unbound, but full files of important periodicals have always much value. Puck, from 1877 to 1898, thirty volumes, in half morocco, by Stikeman, and thirteen volumes in numbers fetched \$133.30 at Bangs's last February. This example may be of use to our correspondent.

J. A. Sandford, 365 Broadway, New York City: "When was Jerome's 'Three Men in a Boat' first published?" In London, in 1889.

"G. S. R.," New York City: "Who are the author and publisher of 'The Crucifixion of Philip Strong'?" Rev. C. M. Sheldon is the author. It was published in 1894 by McClurg, Chicago.

"C. S.," Muncie, Ind.: "I have a copy of 'Chevalier Errant Don Quichotte,' printed par C. Coppel, 25 grand copper plates by Cochon and others, imperial folio. Can you tell me what its value is?" From \$5 to \$10.

"Collector," New York City: "What American and English authors not collected are likely to be regarded with favor by gatherers of first editions a quarter of a century hence?"

We do not know. Aldrich is collected and he isn't—that is, his books only bring fair sums. Ten years, we think, will show a marked increase. Any one of five or six young American, Canadian, and English poets we could name may do something really great in literature at any time, and fame means "being collected." Yeat, for example, is a good man to collect. Among the novelists, George Moore has possibilities. Already his early books are seldom seen and hard to get, though their auction value is slight and will be for some time. The editor could, of course, draw up a little list of writers whose books may some day be as valuable as they are now rare, but this would be simply "guessing." Time alone will show.

"M. M.," Albany, N. Y.: "The allusion of Dr. Holmes, about which Miss Caroline Moser inquired, is to lines which may be found in Aen. IV., 589 et seq.:

Terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum,  
Flaventesque abscissa comas: Proh Jupiter! ibit.

Hic, ait, et nostris inluserit advena regnare?  
Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impla tangunt."

"L. A.," Boston: "A bookseller told me yesterday that the first edition of Bryant's 'Embargo' Boston, 1806, was worth \$150. Is that true?"

A good copy of Bryant's "Embargo" would probably bring at auction much more than \$150. Only one copy has been sold at auction in many years, that belonging to Gen. Rush C. Hawkins, which fetched \$41.50 at his sale in 1887. That was an absurdly low price for a book that ranks in rarity with "Poetry for Children," "Pauline," "The Battle of Marathon," and "Tamerlane."

## Appeals to Readers.

J. Smead, Madison, N. J.: "Who is the author of the poem beginning with the lines, 'New England's dead, New England's dead, On every hill they lie'?"

"I. A. M.," New Windsor, N. Y.: "Where

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can I find a poem, the first line of which runs thus:

"See before us on our journey broods a mist upon the ground?"

As I recall the poem it refers to the passing from life into death."

C. F. Laurie, Erie, Penn.: "In a collection loaned to the Library Museum there is a shield, evidently an imperfect reproduction. The shield is of iron and oval, some 27 inches high by 19 1/4 inches broad, and is covered with figures in relief. At the top, below a border containing figures, Jove, astride an eagle, is hurling lightning at a crowd of struggling forms beneath that endeavor to retaliate with rocks and fire. Will some one inform me who was the artist and as to where the original is kept?"

"A. U.," 65 Nassau Street: "Does any of your readers know of a poem referring to Trinity and its chimneys; also one describing the departure of the Seventh for the war?"

Gertrude F. Hogan, 34 West One Hundred and Thirty-second Street, New York City: "I am very anxious to find out who wrote 'At Anchor,' a story of our civil war. It was published anonymously in 1865 by D. Appleton & Co., New York."

Emil A. C. Keppler, 28 West Seventieth Street, New York City: "Being interested in the literary history of the West, I would like to know something about the following title and author: 'Shakopee,' by the Rev. S. W. Pond. It is said to be a romance in verse, dealing with the Indians. Do your readers know this book?"

## Wanted and To Exchange.

George Milne, 894 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn: "I have for sale or exchange the colored supplements of The New York Sunday Herald, and also of The World, from the beginning of the issue of such supplements to within a few weeks, or, in all, over five years. They are fresh and clean, and have never been handled."

Henry Baldwin, 237 East Seventeenth Street, New York City: "I have for sale a manuscript of Edward Rowland Sill. It is his 'Class Poem,' and consists of nine pages of notepaper, each bearing slight emendations. It is unsigned, but its authenticity is vouched for by the person to whom the poet gave it during commencement week at Yale in 1861."

J. Lovingberg, Jr., 305 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York City: "I wish to get a set of Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors,' 10 volumes, and his 'Lives of Chief Justices,' 4 volumes, in half calf."

P. F. Madigan, Glens Falls, N. Y.: "I wish to purchase a number of the Roycroft books, published at East Aurora, N. Y. Will pay for cash or exchange."

\*AN IDLER IN OLD FRANCE. By Tighe Hopkins, author of "The Dunces of Old Paris," &c. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, importers, 1899. \$2.



## FREE LECTURES.

## Courses in History, Literature and Art Under the Board of Education.

Knowledge is a great factor in civilization; with the banishment of ignorance much crime disappears. The school, the college, the lecture hall are all calculated to fit into the American system of government of the people, by the people, for the people. The Department of Education, through the School Board for the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, as long ago as 1888 recognized the instructive value of lectures and lecture courses, and has since then given eleven series of such lectures to the people. These lectures are entirely free, and are given at widely scattered points, so that many localities in the city are sources whence the lecture audiences are derived. Many lectures on science and travel are given, affording opportunities for contact with these subjects to many who would otherwise never have them. A large portion of the lectures themselves is, however, upon topics relating to art, literature, and history, and these it is designed to set forth in some detail in the present article. An immense amount of preliminary labor in the selection of lecturers and their subjects and in the matter of assigned localities where the lectures are to be given falls to the lot of Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, under whose supervision these lectures are given.

The present course is the twelfth, and the proposed subjects have been for the most part selected, and assignments have largely been made, for the first quarter of the present school year. Some of the lectures have indeed already been given. Three hundred and twenty-eight more lectures were given last year than during the previous year, and the increase in the total attendance noted was approximately 10,000 greater than for the corresponding period of the preceding year. There can be no doubt of the popularity of these free lectures to the people. One has but to look into the earnest faces of those in the audiences that gather to listen to the lectures to be convinced that those for whom they are intended are being reached and benefited. There has been a spread of the kindergarten, a constant increase of secondary schools, a multiplication of institutions for the liberal education of women, an extension of the Free Library and free Museum of Art and Science, and now the free lectures to the people that cannot but aid greatly in an improvement of the people's condition as well as in the intelligence that results from such educational forms. The audiences are as varied as the elements that compose our metropolitan city, and a study of the needs of the various districts precedes the planning of the course. It has also been discovered that the science lectures appeal largely to men, and art lectures and music lectures to women.

Lectures were delivered at forty-eight different places last year. It is not expected to decrease this number during the present year. New centres are more likely to be established. The masses of the people are quick to appreciate the benefits to be derived from the spoken word, accompanied as it very often now is with stereopticon pictures, than which no method of illustration is so realistic and effective. The demonstrated interest in the lectures arranged in courses has led to the making of such courses a permanent feature of this New York Lyceum. Packet bulletins are printed and distributed which set forth the names of the lecturers and their subjects. Before the delivery of a lecture in a given course a syllabus of the course, showing plan and scope, is made available to those wishing for it, and the names of books recommended are printed directly upon the syllabus as a memorandum aid to those wishing to pursue the subject of which the lecture treats.

The use of what is called the "Platform Library," which is an available selection of books and other printed matter relating to the lecture subject, having been found popular since its introduction two years ago, has been continued. The books, furnished through the co-operation of the New York Free Circulating Library and the Agular Free Circulating Library, are placed upon a platform table, and at the conclusion of the lecture are distributed among those persons who may wish to supplement the spoken lecture with a reading of printed authorities. A growing demand for these books bearing upon the lectures is indicative of something more than passing interest in what has been set forth in lecture form.

In the present year it is hoped that a wider extension of the co-operation of the lecture hall and the library will be brought about, to further which our churches may find it possible to lend a hand, and that more special centres will be developed, and that a certificate will be awarded for attendance at the lectures. The appreciation of the importance of this movement for adult education will perhaps presently lead to the establishment of good halls and permanent libraries with comfortable seats for the toil-worn student; for, according to Emerson, the wisest economy is the care and comfort of men.

Many of those who listen to these lectures would not, if left to themselves, be able to find solace in a book, but, by means of the lecture, which is perhaps the easiest way of acquiring knowledge, since one has but to listen and remember, an enthusiasm is kindled that may at any time lead to the development of a new pursuit. Once the reading habit is formed enjoyments spring up. A literary acquaintance is formed and one enters into the companionship of books with which he need never be solitary.

The beautiful in art and literature is not alone for those of great wealth. It is properly, also, the heritage of the poor and

the unfortunate. The humblest classes among us, the other half, yearn for education and know because they have it not more frequently than we sometimes think. The Social Settlement has taught us that the poor have aspirations, and in a thousand ways we may see the truth of this. The popularity of these free lectures to the people points also to the fact that there are many not insensible to the charms of culture and the refinement that it signifies. The world is not so totally depraved, and the present lecture courses will make depravity less prevalent than it has been. There is need for primary schools, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that the children of older growth have intellectual cravings that must be satisfied if there is to be mental health. Those whose educational advantages have had a wider range may likewise find some intellectual crumbs that fall from the hips of the lecturers as symbolizing the rich man's table. Following is an outline of these courses as they relate to history, literature, and art:

History will embrace the topics and will preside at the Assembly Hall of the Educational Alliance. The following syllabus has been prepared: Oct. 12, "Political History of Europe"; Oct. 19, "The Meaning and Results of Napoleon's Work"; Oct. 26, "The Holy Alliance"; Nov. 2, "The Times of Revolution: 1830-1848"; Nov. 9, "The Revolutionary Wave of 1848 in the German States"; Nov. 16, "The Eastern Question and the Crimes"; Nov. 23, "The Unification of Italy"; Nov. 30, "The Struggle Between Prussia and Austria"; Dec. 7, "The Struggle Between Prussia and France"; Dec. 14, "The Russian War and Recent Developments," all by H. A. Cushing.

At Columbus Hall the list includes: Oct. 12, "The Birth of Nations"; Oct. 19, "Washington and His Cabinet"; Oct. 26, "The Struggle for Neutrality—Jay's Treaty"; Nov. 2, "The Federal Party at Its Height: Its Downfall and Place in History"; Nov. 9, "Jefferson and His Party: Rumors of War"; Nov. 16, "Second War for Independence, and What It Did for America"; all by Mr. H. W. Elson; Nov. 23, "The President and the Speaker"; Nov. 30, "The American House of Lords"; Dec. 7, "The House of Representatives"; Dec. 14, "The Biography of an Act of Congress"; by Mr. Milo E. Maltbie.

A course of ten lectures on music by Mr. T. W. Surette will be given at St. Bartholomew's Lyceum Hall as follows: Oct. 11, "Ballads, Madrigals, and Masses"; Oct. 18, "Haydn, 1732"; Oct. 25, "Mozart, 1756"; Nov. 1, "Beethoven, 1770: Close of the Classic School"; Nov. 8, "Beethoven: Growth of the Sonata and Symphony"; Nov. 15, "Schubert, the Lyric Tone Poet"; Nov. 22, "Schumann, the Great Romanticist"; Nov. 29, "Mendelssohn: Classical Tradition—Romantic Spirit"; Dec. 6, "Chopin: National Music—Idealized Dance Forms"; Dec. 13, "Grieg: Music of the North";

Prof. William H. Goodyear will give a course of six lectures on art in the hall of the Art Students' League of New York, as follows: Oct. 14, "Pompeii"; Oct. 28, "Ravenna"; Nov. 11, "Venice"; Nov. 25, "Pisa"; Dec. 9, "Florence"; Dec. 16, "Unknown Italy."

Ten historical lectures will be delivered in the hall of the American Museum of Natural History: Oct. 10, "Pinto Rico"; Miss Anne Rhodes; Oct. 17, "Naval Gunnery in the Spanish-American War," Lieut. G. L. Carden; Oct. 24, "Life in the Philippines," Mr. Fritz Andrew and Mr. William H. Reeves, Jr.; Oct. 31 and Nov. 7, "Paris and Her Suburbs," Mr. H. E. Northrop; Nov. 14, "La Belle France," Mr. R. S. Dawson; Nov. 21, "Holland," Mr. W. E. Griffiths; Nov. 28, "Venice," Mr. Jesse L. Hurst; Dec. 5, "Finland," Mr. H. Montague Donner; Dec. 12, "The Transvaal," Dr. John C. Bowker.

Eleven lectures will constitute the course at Public School No. 1, in which history will be prominent: Oct. 10, "Naval Gunnery in the Spanish-American War," Lieut. G. L. Carden; Oct. 14, "In Puerto Rico with the New York Volunteer Cavalry," Mr. Anthony Flala; Oct. 21, "The Experience of a Private in the American Army," Mr. Paul Sturtevant; Oct. 28, "Our Possessions Taken in War in the West Indies," Mr. Edward A. Sumner; Nov. 4, "Hawaii: Our Pacific Paradise," Mr. R. S. Dawson; Nov. 11, "Life in the Philippines," Mr. Fritz Andrew and Mr. William H. Reeves, Jr.; Nov. 18, "Japan," Nov. 25, "China," both by Mr. A. C. Maclay; Dec. 2, "Pictures from Hindoo Life," Mr. G. N. Thomssen; Dec. 9, "The Other Side of the World," Mr. Herbert S. Renton; Dec. 16, "Egypt," Mr. Jay Peck.

Art and architecture will inspire the lectures at Public School No. 3 as follows: Oct. 9, "Madonna in Art," Mr. F. H. English; Oct. 23, "Rome," Oct. 30, "Constantinople"; Nov. 6, "Venice"; Nov. 13, "Paris"; Nov. 20, "London"; Nov. 27, "New York," all by Prof. D. F. Hamlin; Dec. 4 and 11, "Architecture in New York City," Mr. D. R. Huntington.

There will be eleven lectures on literature at Public School No. 10, on the subjects which follow: Oct. 9, "Victor Hugo"; Oct. 16, "Dickens"; Oct. 23, "Stevenson"; Oct. 30, "Sienkiewicz," all by Dr. William Bayard Hale; Nov. 6, "William Wordsworth"; Nov. 13, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge"; Nov. 20, "Walter Scott"; Nov. 27, "Lord Byron"; Dec. 4, "Percy Bysshe Shelley"; Dec. 11, "John Keats," all by Dr. Frederick H. Sykes.

Twenty alternate lectures on history and literature will contend for popular favor at Public School No. 99. The dates and subjects are: Oct. 9, "Naval Gunnery in the Spanish-American War," Lieut. G. L. Carden; Oct. 12, "Machibeli," Mr. Robert R. Benedict; Oct. 19, "Cuba, Havana, and Santiago," Mr. Walter P. Terry; Oct. 19, "Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar,'" Mr. Richard A. Purdy; Oct. 23, "In Puerto Rico with the New York Volunteer Cavalry," Mr. Anthony Flala; Oct. 26, "The Caribbean Sea, the Mediterranean of Our Western World," Miss Annie P. Meade; Nov. 2, "The Women of Shakespeare," Prof. R. E. Mayne; Nov. 9, "The Spanish-American War," Major Frank Keck; Nov. 9, "The Life of Sir Walter Scott," Mr. Charles H. Gowan; Nov. 13, "Life in the Philippines," Mr. Fritz Andrew and Mr. William H. Reeves, Jr.; Nov. 16, "Art, Evening," Mr. Miss Adela Rankin; Nov. 20, "Hawaii, Our Pacific Paradise," Mr. R. S. Dawson; Nov. 23, "The Short Story," Miss Belle Lindner; Nov. 27, "American Expansion in the Revolution," Dr. Thomas P. Hughes; Nov. 30, "The Prisoner of Zenda," Mrs. Anna Delany Martin; Dec. 4, "The Transvaal," Dr. John C. Bowker; Dec. 7, "What Books to Read and How to Read Them," Mr. M. M. Mangasarian; Dec. 11, "Life in the Pacific and South Sea Islands," Capt. H. G. Morse; Dec. 14, "The Poet of the Humble, James Whitcomb Riley," Mr. J. M. Scott.

Nine lectures on music and eight on English history will be given at Public School No. 86, as per the syllabus following: Oct. 16, "The Soul of Song," Mr. S. G. Pratt; Oct. 19, "The Conquest of the Sea," Mr. Cecil F. Lavelle; Oct. 22, "Songs of the United States," Miss Fanny C. L. Lister; Oct. 26, "The Great Dominion," Mr. Cecil F. Lavelle; Oct. 30, "The Making and Makers of Music," Mr. H. W. Greene; Nov. 2, "The Indian Empire," Mr. Cecil F. Lavelle; Nov. 6, "Irish Music," Mrs. Helen O'Brien; Nov. 11, "Australia and the South Pacific," Mr. Cecil F. Lavelle; Nov. 13, "Songs of Burns," Miss Irene Margaret Brown; Nov. 16, "The English in Africa," Mr. Cecil F. Lavelle; Nov. 20, "Music: How to Listen," Dr. Henry G. Hanchett; Nov. 23, "Perils

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cities have already been arranged for, to be given at the Art Students' League. Lectures are arranged will likewise be given at some of the churches, at Grace Chapel, and at Judson Memorial Hall. Mr. Ramon Reyes Lala will during the present season give five lectures upon the Philippine Islands.

The lectures to which reference is here made are given under the direction of the gentlemen whose names follow: Miles M. O'Brien, Chairman; Vernon M. Davis, Thaddeus Moriarty, Waldo H. Richardson, Charles C. Burlingham, Committee on Special Schools; Henry M. Leipziger, Ph. D., Supervisor of Lectures.

Mr. O'Brien, to whom belongs the credit of originating the idea of giving these lectures to the people, some ten years ago, has but recently returned to the Chairmanship of the committee. The present season, according to every indication, promises to be a very successful one.



## NOTES AND NEWS.

Items Gathered During This Week's  
Tour of the Publishing Houses.

## I.—NEW YORK.

"Signors of the Night," a new volume of short stories by Max Pemberton, will shortly be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The sub-title of the book is "The Story of Fra Giovanni, the Soldier Monk, of Venice, and of Others in the Silent City."

A new poem by Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," is published to-day in The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. It is entitled "The Muse of the Brotherhood," and is even more Socialistic than the verses which gave Mr. Markham his initial fame. One stanza reads: "My love is higher than the heavens where Taurus wheels, My love is deeper than the pillared skies: High as that peak in heaven, where Milton kneels, Deep as the grave in hell where Caesar lies."

The publishers, The Macmillan Company, expect great things from Mr. Norman Hapgood's "Life of Lincoln," which will be shortly published. Those persons who have had the pleasure of perusing it in manuscript say that it is not history, nor biography, but plain dispassionate narrative. In other words, it appears to be the story of the War President's life, told with great discrimination. It would be colorless, perhaps, were not the subject itself a strong and varied personality.

Simultaneously with Sir Henry Irving's production of "Robespierre" in America, the New Amsterdam Book Company will publish "The Red Shirts," a Tale of the Reign of Terror, by Paul Gault. Of this book, the translator, J. A. J. de Villiers, says: "It will interest all who read the following pages to hear that the tale of the Red Shirts is no fiction, but an artistic rendering of a plot that actually took place during the Reign of Terror, every important detail being absolutely true, and the very names and personages being matters of French history." Robespierre and Saint Just are two of the principal characters in the book.

"Flashlights on Nature," by Grant Allen, is being published by Doubleday & McClure Company. It is a book describing the familiar life of insects and plants. The illustrations include 100 drawings by Frederick Enock.

"Love Letters of a Musician," by Myrtle Reed, which was privately printed last year in a limited letter-press edition, is now being published through G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is a collection of imaginary epistles addressed by a young violinist to his lady during the year succeeding his rejection by her.

"Pyramids and Progress," by John Ward, F. S. A., with an introduction by Prof. Sayce, will appear in a few days from E. & J. B. Young & Co. It is an art book of history and contemporaneous impressions. Prof. Sayce says in his introduction: "Mr. Ward has lived with the natives and traveled in native boats; he has visited tombs and temples far away from the tourist's track, and he has gone for his information to the best authorities."

The November issue of the Pall Mall Magazine will be called the Thanksgiving number. A reproduction of Botticelli's "The Holy Family" will form the frontispiece. In this number Mr. William Archer begins his series of papers on the "American Stage." Mr. Parker writes of "The Eye of the Needle," and Mrs. Steel's Indian tale, "The Hosts of the Lord," is continued. Other contributors are equally noteworthy. Quite recently, owing to this magazine's illustrations and mechanical execution, people who read it have begun to call it "the Magazine de Luxe."

"The Only Way: a Tale of Two Cities," a beautiful edition of Charles Dickens's famous novel, containing the cast and scenes of the first production in New York of Freeman Wells's "The Only Way," is announced by R. H. Russell. The work will be fully illustrated with pictures of the cast as produced, with Lady Granby's portrait of Sidney Carton, and with Frederick Barnard's striking picture of Carton mounting the scaffold.

"Father Goose, His Book," is something decidedly original in juvenile literature and art. It is being published by George M. Hill of Chicago. The verse is by L. Frank Baum, and the pictures by W. W. Denslow. One may judge of the rapid favor into which the book is growing when it is said that within the three weeks succeeding the day of publication 10,000 copies of it have been sold.

"David Harum" is now selling in its three hundred and thirtieth thousand. Over 20,000 copies have been sold since Oct. 1. Several offers have been made to translate the book into foreign languages. Among others, four have been received to put the tale into German. It has been pointed out that some difficulty might be found in making a German rendering of the dialect. Some one has suggested, however, that this could be readily solved by making the genial David talk in Pennsylvania Dutch.

Mr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, "a relative of the late Mr. Lowell, the poet, and first Ambassador from the United States to England," is, according to the Athenaeum of London, engaged on a work dealing with English institutions and society. Mr. Lowell is now said to be in London, where it is reported that his "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe" is being received with much favor.

"American Inventions and Inventors," by Dr. W. A. Mowry, and his son, A. M. Mowry, is being presented by Silver, Burdett & Co. This house is also about to publish "Music and the Comrade Arts," by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, together with several educational works on language teaching and reading.

"Life Problems," by the Rev. G. Camp-

bell Morgan, is published this week through Fleming H. Revell Company. Mr. Morgan, who is the pastor of the New Court Church, London, has become well known in this country during the last few months by preaching in some of the larger American cities. The same publishers also announce "Forty Years in the Church of Christ," a sequel to "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," the two volumes together giving a connected account of the life of the late Father Chiniquy.

"The King's Mirror," Anthony Hope's new romance, published a fortnight ago by D. Appleton & Co., is reported by the publishers to be an early and pronounced success. A new edition, it is said, will be forthcoming in a day or two.

"Tales from McClure's" is now in its fifty-fifth thousand. The set is in five volumes, containing the most distinctive tales that have appeared in the periodical. The volumes are now entitled "Romance," "Humor," "The West," "Adventure," and "War."

"Peter Binney, Undergraduate," by Archibald Marshall, has just gone into its second edition at the New Amsterdam Book Company. Mr. Binney is a middle-aged, red-whiskered, prosperous man of business, who has made a fortune by selling a patent chicken food. As his son is on the point of entering Cambridge University the buoyant and jolly father conceives the idea of going too. This he does as an irrepressible undergraduate of fifty-six. The book is dedicated to H. H. Benson, the author of "Dodo" and "Mammoth."

The most recent number of The Speaker of London to reach this country is the last of the old series on old lines. Henceforth the paper will be conducted as the organ of young Oxford Liberalism. The new Speaker will be edited by Mr. Philip Carr and Mr. J. L. Hammond. Every number will contain a signed article on some political topic of the week, written always from the Liberal point of view.

The current number of The Youth's Companion contains a fully illustrated prospectus of the contributors and contributions for the coming year. The list of writers includes many of America's most famous soldiers and sailors, while statesmen, scholars, travelers, and story-writers of both sides of the Atlantic will present their most promising work. In the early issues of November will appear "Hints on Reading," by James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," also a droll story by Frank R. Stockton, called "The Wolf and the Wheelbarrow." In the issue of Nov. 16 will begin Mr. W. D. Howells's serial story, "A Pocket Full of Money," which will be followed by another serial by Jane Barlow, the Irish story-writer, entitled, "Dinnie and the Dams."

"The Regeneration of the United States," by William Morton Grinnell, will be presently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. In it the author describes, not pessimistically, what unfortunate conditions exist in the United States, and indicates the manner in which, as he believes, the conditions are going to improve.

"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest Howard Crosby is being published by Small, Maynard & Co. It is a volume of vigorous verse applied to the problems of modern American social life.

Meyer Brothers & Co. have on hand the first parts of a new and handsome publication on the history of the Château de Versailles, by Paul de Nolhac, Inspector of the Musée de Versailles, after original papers recently brought to light, among which are letters and documents by Colbert, Louvois, Mansart, et al. This monumental work, which will contain everything known of the original sources of information concerning the architecture, decoration, art, parks, gardens, grand and petit Trianon of Versailles, will be completed in two large volumes illustrated with 240 engravings and 240 large plates in photogravure, of paintings, ancient designs, and photographs of the statuary, fountains, and apartments as they stand to-day.

"The Standard Opera Glass," by Charles Annesley, with a prelude by James Huneker, containing the plots of 123 celebrated operas, with critical and biographical notes, dates, &c., is announced by Brentano's. The same house is also bringing out "The Shellback," by Alec J. Boyd. This is a tale of the sea, the scene of which takes place in the last generation. Morgan Robertson, the well-known writer of sea tales, has contributed the introduction.

The next number of The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia will be called "The College Man's Number." Among the contributors are Charles Macomb Flandrau, Jesse Lynch Williams, President Ide Wheeler, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and President Nathaniel Butler. The material will consist of fiction and of articles describing many phases of college life, past and present.

The story of Sir Henry Irving's career on the stage will be told in the November McClure's Magazine by H. J. W. Dam. It will consist largely of conversations had with the actor himself. In the same number A. H. Ford will describe Russian railway construction in Asia. There will also be articles by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, "The Belgian Antarctic Expedition," and by George S. Boutwell on "Black Friday, Sept. 24, 1899."

"On Board the American Duchess" will shortly appear from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons in their Hudson Library. It describes the adventures of a detective with a party of evil-minded persons, who charter a steam yacht for the purpose of carrying out a criminal enterprise.

Among the most distinctive volumes presented this week by the Macmillan Company are "Sir John Everett Millais: His Art and Influence," by A. L. Baldry; "Wabeno, the Magician," by Mabel Ogwood Wright; "The Revelation of Jesus," by George Holley Gilbert, and "Romances of Roguery," by Frank Wadleigh Chandler. The author of the last is Professor of Lit-

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erature at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He publishes his book as the second of the series of Columbia University studies in literature, edited by Prof. George E. Woodberry. In dealing with the romance of rogues, Dr. Chandler gives an historical and descriptive account of the picturesque novel in Spain and its translations and adaptations in other languages. The author is preparing a second volume, which will deal with the rogue in France, Germany, Holland, and England.

"The Sunken Bell," by Gerhart Hauptmann, taken over in Mr. Meltzer's translation from R. H. Russell, will shortly be brought out in an edition de luxe by the Doubleday & McClure Company. The play will be produced in a few days by E. H. Sothern. The book will include several pictures of Mr. Sothern, together with some music by Aimé Lachaux.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish to-day "Fisherman's Luck and Other Uncertain Things," by Henry van Dyke; "The Grandissimes," by George W. Cable; "The Ship of Stars," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, (Q.) "The Land of the Long Night," by Paul B. Du Chaillu; "The Augustan Ages," by Oliver Elton, and "Sermons and Addresses," by Robert Flint, D. D., LL. D.

G. P. Putnam's Sons present this week "Liberty in the Nineteenth Century," by Frederic May Holland; "Songs from the Psalter," by Richard Arnold Greene; "Monopolies and the People," by Charles W. Baker, in a new edition with added material, and a new edition of "Tales of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table," by Margaret Vere Farrington.

The Doubleday & McClure Company are publishing this week "The Court of Boyville," by William Allen White; "In Chimney Corners," by Seumas MacManus; "Sons of Strength," by William E. Lighton; "The Kipling Birthday Book," and the story of Abraham Lincoln's mother, entitled "Nancy Hanks," by Caroline Hanks Hitchcock.

## II. BOSTON.

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—As 30,000 copies of "Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen" have been necessary to fill the booksellers' orders, it can hardly be supposed that anything in the book will be much of a secret Saturday, but those disappointed in obtaining it may like to know that it is dedicated "To Sir George Newnes, Bart.; Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Limited, and other publishers, who, uninvited, presented Mr. Dooley to a part of the British public." The volume closes with a few sketches of the Dreyfus trial, concerning which the author says that Mr. Dooley cannot lag behind his fellow Anglo-Saxons in being tremendously excited. In truth, his account, taken with that of Mr. Stevens, makes an excellent history of the trial: Mr. Stevens tells what happened; Mr. Dooley what did not happen. The impatient anger upon which the liveliest papers in the former volume were founded is absent in this, Mr. Alger no longer being a political issue, but he occasionally receives a sharp thrust, and the Administration receives many for its treatment of Agulhaide. The best things in the book are "Shaughnessy," "A Brand from the Burning," and the two or three other papers ending with a touch of pure pathos. Here is where Mr. Dunne may, if he choose, produce work of reputation, enduring long after his political satire is forgotten. The patient, hard-working Irish father and mother, pious and honest, but unable to rule son or daughter, never receiving any affection in return for lavishly given love, but never losing hope, never faltering in faith, loving to the last breath, is a figure on which Irish genius may well lavish its best.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's "The Little Fig Tree Stories," to be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the holidays, will contain four illustrations by the author, who, it will be remembered, made her maiden name well known as an artist long before she wrote for publication. No one has surpassed the pictures with which she illustrated "The Scarlet Letter."

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## TOO MANY NOVELS.

## Hegel et al. Crowded Out by "David Harum."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Will you permit me to echo the sentiments expressed by a correspondent in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of the 7th inst. as to the amazing predominance given to fiction in all the literary reviews of the day. What are the indications as to intellectual progress when a book such as "David Harum" (and I have nothing against it as a work of fiction) can reach a sale of 300,000, while books, say, for instance, such as Hegel's "Philosophy of History," or Morgan's "Ancient Society," or a dozen others I could name, are almost allowed to go out of print?

What will be the texture of the intellectual fibre of the present generation, fed on such pabulum as makes up three-fourths of our current literature? No sensible person objects to a good work of fiction now and then; but when such reading becomes the rule and all other the exception, we may well become alarmed for the maintenance of literary standards. R. N. HAZARD. Kirkwood, St. Louis County, Mo., Oct. 10, 1890.

## A Woman's Gallant Defense.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

May a reader venture to plead the editor's cause with the irate correspondent who protests against the attention given to fiction, desiring to know if there be nobody in the country interested in biography, history, travels, and various sciences more or less abstruse?

Doubtless there are many such persons, but their number, as any librarian, any bookseller, any publisher knows, is small compared with the number of novel-readers and story readers. Illiterate twaddle flung in the semblance of a story sells by the hundred thousand. Again, a simple, pleasant, innocent novel like "David Harum" sells by the hundred thousand; a pretty little tale like "Captain January" vies with it; and Mr. Dooley is fast climbing toward his hundredth thousand. The sale of the twaddle alone represents more readers than Nansen, Captain Mahan, Lord Roberts, Mr. Fiske, Mr. Petrie, Sir George Trevelyan, and Dr. Schliermacher taken together can show, and yet every one of them has been magnificently successful, each in his own field. That is one reason why notices of novels must receive attention in any journal pretending to criticize current literature.

Another reason for giving the preponderance of space to notices of lighter books is that serious readers do not need to be told what is good. The reviews of graver volumes are sought chiefly by those who cannot or will not buy them, but desire information about them. To read such books critically and carefully and to write of them is the delight of all reviewers, and most editors would prefer to fill a literary journal with notices of such books, neglecting all novels except the choicest and best, but to behave in this way would be unjust to the novel readers.

It is hardly fair to sneer at this multitude for, although its average intellectual level is lower than the average intellectual level of the readers of history, &c., yet the best of its constituents are far above the level of the readers of twaddle. Biography, and especially autobiography, is as amusing and as instructive as the best fiction to readers with sufficient insight and logic to understand it; but everybody is not thus endowed. Many readers need guidance in estimating the lessons to be drawn from a man's career. They need to have the moral placed vividly before them, forced upon their attention by being set in the foreground of a well composed picture. They might read lives of Chancellor Kent and President Cleveland until next election day without perceiving their drift, but they know what Mr. Ford means by "The Honourable Peter Sterling," Miss Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," Mr. Rider Haggard's "Swallow," have formed English and American popular opinion of the Boer beyond the power of change by Little Englander or Irish envoy. It is hardly necessary to cite Dickens and Reade and Sir Walter Besant in evidence of the rank of novelists among authors of influence, and it is not permissible to whisper Mr. K-'s name.

Lastly, to one reader at least, (and a woman,) THE SATURDAY REVIEW does not seem neglectful of the best serious works. There is more than a little biography, more than a few books of travel, no small number of books of science that are as worthless as any novel, and THE REVIEW discreetly divides its space among the best. Librarians and booksellers cite it as in England they cite The Athenaeum and The Academy, and they are not poor judges of value.

Besides, is one compelled to read the reviews of fiction if one feels no need of them? L. B.

Chilton, Mass., Oct. 10, 1890.

## Thoughtful Readers Are the Few.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

I wish to express my gratitude to THE SATURDAY REVIEW of Sept. 30 for the list of historical novels and other books to be read with contemporary English history. I had already read to a young friend Strickland's "Stories from History" and some of Shakespeare's plays in connection with English history, and THE SATURDAY REVIEW list is just what I needed.

I have sometimes wondered if THE REVIEW were fulfilling its highest mission to devote so much space to novels, and I was pleased that your correspondent Benjamin de Casseres suggested a change of authors. Will he not write something about Bourget,

Le Ben, Kelvin, Ribot, and Moll, authors perhaps not quite so familiar to some of THE REVIEW readers as the authors already noticed? Most French novels are not to my taste, and I rarely read them. He asks "if anybody in this broad land reads books on sociology, psychology, morphology, pedagogy, art, science, religion, politics, philosophy?" Certainly there are many who read books on all these subjects, but they are mostly students and litterateurs. I myself have read somewhat on these subjects, excepting pedagogy. With many others I read Spencer, Huxley, and William James more or less understandingly; but not even the good opinion we have of our literary ability (since some of our letters have been printed in THE SATURDAY REVIEW) would make us think we could write anything valuable or interesting on their philosophies. This is an argument, perhaps, against general reading, and may serve as a text for the specialist in your next issue; but is it not well to read on many subjects so as to be able to listen intelligently? Absorbingly interesting as Taine is, I doubt if any but a student of Taine could write anything of literary value without much time and thought.

Some writers think that Tolstol's books are the work of a degenerate. I have read "War and Peace" twice and liked it; the rest of his novels the world would be better without. "My Religion" I found tedious. I prefer Richard Le Gallienne's "The Religion of a Literary Man." His is not the religion of a man who has wasted his youth and manhood in dissipation, and "when passion failed and pleasure palled," poses as a saint and philosopher. Neither is it the religion of a phrase reiterated until it becomes tiresome and almost meaningless. "It stoutly sets its face against modern affectations of artistic license and personal licentiousness, against the claim to be immoral and the pretense of being blasé; it appeals to the sane emotions, to natural wonder and pity and humility and humor."

The "sunniness" and sweetness of a religion like Le Gallienne's would brighten the world. I thought of sending a week or two ago quotations from Le Gallienne's "Prose Fancies" on "plagiarism," and perhaps the editor will allow me to do so now.

Is it not true that few of us live as conscientiously as we should within our inverted commas? It is, of course, difficult, even with the best intentions, to make proper acknowledgment of all our "authorities"—to attach, so to say, the true "del et sculp." to all our little bits of art. There is so much in our lives that we honestly don't know how we came by.

If you call your wife a "chuck," so did Othello; and whatever dainty diminutive you may hit on, Catullus, with his warbling Latin, "make mouth at our speech."

Emerson is just as interesting and beautiful as ever, but there may be other readers besides myself who in "callow youth" read Emerson, attended Emerson meetings, talked Emerson, and affected to understand and explain Emerson, and bored our friends with quotations from Emerson, and ending with "as Emerson says," that would prefer to have an Emerson letter sandwiched between one of "Cynic's" and praises of Thackeray. Privately, I think "Cynic" great fun—the letters he calls forth as well as his own. S. A. M.

New York, Oct. 9, 1890.

## Indignantly Denies the Allegation.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

In to-day's issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW a correspondent complains that he is satiated with novels, and inquires if any one ever reads a list of "ologies" that evidently delight his particular soul. Yes, some of us doubtless do read them, but the novel—I mean the healthy story, that book that mirrors human nature—appeals more strongly to the reading public. Cut-and-dried sentiments or facts are doubtless very instructive and interesting, but when presented in the form of a narrative of the actual experiences and sentiments of men and women they are decidedly more alluring. Certain rules, certain sentiments and environments, and their effects upon different temperaments cannot fail to interest, and therefore fiction appeals to the great mass—even a number of the intellectual few condescend to study "the novel."

All literature is a reflection of the age in which it is created, and our fiction is typical of our age; it is varied in style, swift in action, scientific in general effect and tone, and broad and liberal in religion. It is true we have no great master, no Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray, and it is doubtful if any of to-day's novels could be called thorough; but that is symbolical of the "rushing era"; we have little time for more than a superficial reading. I wonder, if Charles Dickens had deferred his life and work till the present time, would his novels and character sketches have been acceptable to the novel-reading public. The majority of people read Dickens from a sense of duty, but oh! sad to say, many confidentially whisper "Isn't he dull?"

The author of to-day's letter cites Laura Jean Libbey and Hall Caine as examples of the trash perused by readers of THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW. I indignantly deny this allegation. To be sure, there are a number of trashy books in existence, but under the guidance of THE SATURDAY REVIEW they do not often find a place in the reader's library—and, pardon me, but is Ibsen a healthy substitute for Laura Jean Libbey? To read Ibsen seems to me to be walking through black, muddy water, and I maintain life is not wholly tragedy. I agree that there is an appalling amount of paper, ink, and time wasted in alterations regarding minor subjects, and I suppose if the author chooses to take certain liberties the critical public should give him literary license. But so long as the public confine themselves to sensible discussions of healthy novels, there will fall from the literary table such crumbs of knowledge that will be well worth the gathering. IRENE CARTER.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1890.

## READERS HAVE THEIR SAY.

## Stevenson and Some Other Matters.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Your newspaper worthily begins the celebration of its SATURDAY REVIEW anniversary on the very first page. The account of "David Harum" in England claims the smiles of your readers; yea, even unto Oakland, where they lie in wait for the jester to slay him. Next comes that compendious, tempting, and serviceable list, which we have not yet read. You have heard of those who "could not see the woods for the trees." Such is our predicament. We have not reached the list because of the prolixity, "Reading as a Pastime and a Profession." To read that once means to read it again and again. Did we speak of woods? Surely, the forests of Arden or of Arcady.

We wonder if one has ever compared the reader to the keyboard of a piano; with the upper notes for the intellect, and the lower, sweeter register for the heart. One author strikes a note here, another a chord there, and the Master plays the scale. But, besides the giants Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare—a few immortals of lower rank have had the rare power, with delicate touch, to play the whole scale. Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Dr. Browne, Fitzgerald, Lowell, Holmes, and surely Stevenson. What a searching cadence was his!

Think of those feeble, wasted fingers and their strong clutch on our hearts, and on the heart of all things! Hear that clarion note of cheer those fingers strike! One almost forgets at times the lovely service of Stevenson to letters in our reverence for his greater service to humanity. "More pathetic than books," indeed, and more sublime.

It is a far cry from Prometheus on his Grecian rocks to the Road of Loving Hearts in Vallima, but stopping on the way to pick the Flowers of St. Francis, we gradually climb the mountain top in Samoa, and bow our heads before the triumph of Love!

A short life, we thought, but how that lovely strain rings on above the fretful din! A. Z. S.

New York, Oct. 8, 1890.

## Books for Girls of Eighteen.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Every Saturday I manage to spare the time to read your charming paper, and all the discussions which arise interest me very much. A letter which attracted my particular attention was the one received from a member of the high school at Evanston, Ill. The writer claimed, I believe, that your list of books prepared for girls of eighteen was composed of works which most well-educated girls of that age have read and appreciated. There are doubtless many young ladies (as they would prefer to be called) who would find your list both novel and beneficial, but that is not true of girls who are fond of books, (not novels alone,) and who have received good training among refined people. On the editorial page of one of our leading papers I saw the following, which seems apropos: "Some well-intentioned man is making a list of books for girls of eighteen to read, but the usual difficulty lies in telling those young persons what not to read."

That has been my experience, (what there is of it) with some young friends of my own who have a taste for the modern morbid novel. I have other friends, however, whose tastes are, I think, sufficiently formed to appreciate good, pure fiction, history, and criticism. I will confess that I am only a schoolgirl of seventeen myself, and am expecting to enter Barnard next Autumn. I would never pretend to be superior to the "Jungle Books," for I read them frequently, and with ever-increasing enjoyment, but I have read them some time ago, and know them very well. The same is true of "The Water Babies," and Hans Andersen's beautiful allegorical fairy tales. Only the other day a friend, who is a candidate for Vassar, and her sister, a graduate of that college, spent an afternoon with me very happily in reading and discussing Matthew Arnold. Your correspondent, Mr. Conyngham, will probably think we are rivals of that funny page little Boston boy, not only in erudition, but in bombast, too. However, I can assure him that we all enjoy a good play, or (this may shock him) an amusing farce, and I am very fond of dancing. I really don't think we are "blue."

As for courses of reading, can't they be enjoyable as well as improving? Those I have undertaken, with the help and assistance of my teachers, have been very pleasant. I always forget they are duties. I hope this may meet the eyes of the "literary lady" from Illinois. It may give her a little encouragement. She will know, perhaps, that there are girls in the "effete East" as well as in the West who can appreciate "Burke and Spencer," though Mr. Conyngham does not believe so. I hope he will be able to find a few, but may be he doesn't want to. With wishes for your success, I am, M. L. INNES.

New York, Oct. 2, 1890.

## Other Heraldry than English.

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

The editorial article in your issue of Sept. 23, "Where American Heraldry is Weak" and the comments upon it by readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, printed in your issue of Sept. 30, are interesting. As the editorial reads it would appear that you take the position that American heraldry is exclusively English in its origin. You cite only English authority and precedents. You say, "Many of us, of course, are the direct descendants of English families,"

&c. No one denies that, but it may be well to bear in mind that the English are not the only people represented in the early settlement and present population of the United States. The Netherlander, the Frenchman, the Swede, the German, the Italian, the Greek, the Russian, as well as other nationalities besides the British, are the sources of American ancestry. They have brought with them their own personal family heraldry, hence to assume that in the absence of governmental regulation of such matters Americans must follow the rules of English heraldry does not seem tenable.

Gheusi in Le Blason Héraldique, (published by Firmin-Didot & Cie., Paris, 1892,) includes in his classification of armorial bearings, Page 15, those assumed—taken by the will of the possessor—as the most ancient and those granted by the sovereign. If my information is correct, Great Britain is the only nation requiring the registration of arms not belonging to the nobility. On the Continent the arms of the burgher or patrician are not necessarily registered. Yet his right to them is unquestioned, and in the event of his elevation to the nobility, if my information is again correct, his arms are admitted to registration. In the United States family heraldry has not yet awakened sufficient interest to bring about Government regulation or registration. This is not true, however, of the heraldry of the Nation, the State, and the city. The arms and seal of the United States were established by Congress June 20, 1782. See The Seal of the United States, a most admirably prepared pamphlet by Gaillard Hunt, Esq., of the Department of State, and published by that department in Washington, 1892.

The arms of the State of New York have been established by act of the Legislature. The State of Massachusetts has also established its arms in the same way. The City of Albany established its arms in 1790, and re-established them by a city law passed Dec. 3, 1888, and approved by the Mayor.

Other States and municipalities have adopted or established arms. Corporations in their right to adopt a common seal have armorial bearings in some instances. Heraldic customs differ in various countries. The form and kind of helmet or coronet are the arbitrary creation of heraldic authorities at various periods. According to Rietstap, neither the form of the helmet nor the number of its bars are matters of major importance. The position of the helmet is equally indifferent, he says. Whether it faces front or in profile or three-quarters is not a matter of real significance. The position of the crest must determine that of the helmet. If the crest is a figure in profile or seen at a three-quarters view the helmet must be in profile or at three-quarters. KNICKERBOCKER.

New York, Oct. 14, 1890.

## "A Long Howl from a Cur Dog."

To The New York Times Saturday Review:

Will the ever friendly, unbiased, and independent TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW permit a long howl to at last escape from the poor "cur dog" yelp "Department Book Store?" The "thoroughbreds" have pulled his ears, trod on his tail, and stoned him galore, but with his traditional good nature he has quietly continued to gnaw his own bone in his own corner. We must not forget to remark that his own bone is invariably the largest, and he has never yet received "more kicks than he can give." But the best of good nature has its limits, the stones shied at his patient head are gradually assuming larger proportions—he, therefore, rises to protest.

The department book store was born of necessity; it came into existence because the public demanded such an institution, and it has come to stay; it is a friend of the people and hereby pleads its cause. It is the purveyor of good literature to thousands who would remain unread and unlearned were it not for its good offices. It compels the manufacture of moderate-priced literature which its large clientele spreads before a hungry public.

It has started innumerable printing houses and been the means of supplying labor to large corps of workers, and the competition involved redounds always to the benefit of the public. The owners of "éditions de luxe" may turn up their patrician noses at cheap books, but the cheapest books are a thousand times better than no books, and the department store is the place to get your bargains. If we cannot have a "half-calf Dickens," I for one will take him with a "paper back," and am in no way prejudiced against a "cheap Dumas" or "buckram Thackeray."

In the interest of the "department store help," there is a spirit of good fellowship in the thought that they, too, have their little jokes and enjoy them in a good-natured friendly way, and I should be inclined to think that "Coralus" was "jolly" or somewhat concerning the "No. 5 John Street" episode were it not for this fact. Said "help" is not composed entirely of college graduates, neither does it claim as a body to be versed in all the "ologies, or apt students of Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and Lyall; nevertheless, they recognize a book by the title as a general thing, and sometimes display a little erudition, as in the case of the lady who requested a child's story by Shakespeare. The astonished "department store help" ventured to suggest that some lighter literature would better please the average child, but the customer demanded, saying, "I want 'The Story of a Lamb,' by Shakespeare, and nothing else. If you haven't it, I will go where they do have it." The polite saleswoman hastily sought a copy of "Lamb's Tales," and beyond a laconic "twenty-five cents, please," ventured no further information, and the customer departed triumphant.



ant. That customer is responsible for a critical smile who in company with a friend seeking a copyright book "published at \$1.50, our price 98 cents," remarked sotto voce, "Let us go to Z's, they charge \$1.25, but it will be a better book."

There is also a grim humor in the remembrance of the man who asked where the stationery was kept, as he "wished to purchase a diary—had heard that Pops's Diaries were very good—did we keep them in the store?" &c. Or again: That customer who, picking up a copy of "Ingodsbys Legends," remarked that he "didn't know the great infidel had written so much poetry; thought he only lectured." Likewise the customer who demanded the "Love Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" in the Seaside Library, and when informed that we only had a copyright edition, remarked, she "didn't care about the copyright, and would be perfectly willing to take it in paper. Would we please order it?" And so on ad lib. But we do not sneer at the dear public. We enjoy these little incidents, not being possessed of that egotism which jostly fails to see a joke from the pouterous heights of its book learning, and as the busy hum of the department book store proclaims, we are here to stay. The public knows what it wants, and goes to the department store to get it, where the additional charm of 30 per cent. discount will never cease to attract it. H. H. New York, Oct. 18, 1899

### THE WEEK IN ART.

William M. Chase and the other American members of this year's jury of the annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh have returned, having completed their work. The announcement of the prizes awarded will be made on the eve of the opening of the exhibition on Nov. 1. Mr. Chase is of the opinion that the awards will give general satisfaction, and is enthusiastic as to the merits of this year's display. On Monday evening Mr. Chase lectured to the art students of Pittsburgh in the Carnegie Library. Among his audience, in addition to the art students, were J. F. Ranaelli, a fellow-member of the jury and the well-known French painter; John W. Beatty, director of the Carnegie Gallery; Mrs. Henry Burke Foster, one of the founders of the nine-month summer art school on Long Island, of which Mr. Chase is the head, and Mr. Martin Borgard, a former pupil of the lecturer, and the head of the Allegheny Art School. Mr. Chase paid a high tribute in his talk to Miss Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, whom he termed "not only the greatest living woman artist, but the greatest woman artist who has ever lived." In speaking of the coming exhibition of the Carnegie Gallery, Mr. Chase referred to the students to a close comparison of the work of Ranaelli, who will be represented there, and Charnat's portrait of Andrew Carnegie, also hung in the galleries, and told them they would understand by such comparison the distinction between quality and a thin veneer covering the canvas. He spoke in glowing terms of the present and future of the Carnegie Gallery, and said that recognition in the Pittsburgh gallery, as it is now conducted, meant as much as admission into any of the salons of the Old World. He stated that the awards would be known in Europe as soon as here, so extended has become the influence of the Carnegie Galleries, and so high is their standard.

This talk of Mr. Chase's and the opinions voiced in it are of interest to a larger audience than that to which he talked in Pittsburgh, and its essential points are therefore republished in this column. Some critics or connoisseurs, may take issue with Mr. Chase in his estimate of Miss Beaux, and also perhaps in the very high tribute which he pays to the Carnegie Galleries, while the many admirers of Charnat will probably not agree with him in his comparison of that portrait painter with his fellow-Frenchman Raffaelli. But Mr. Chase is a positive man and has the courage of his convictions, and if his enthusiasms sometimes lead him into statements which produce controversy, so much the better for the cause of art in America.

The last so-called old master was discovered last week, and this time in Baltimore. It is the head of a sibyl, claimed to be by Guido Reni, and was disposed of by a Mr. Charles S. Getz, who is called "a veteran artist," to his son-in-law, Mr. William B. Oliver. Mr. Getz thinks that the picture is 300 years old.

In connection with these now almost weekly discoveries of old masters, it may be noted that Prof. Alfred Chatain, one of the few really competent experts on old pictures in the world, is now in this country, and could be employed with profit not only by Mr. Getz and other discoverers of old masters, but by numerous American collectors and buyers of pictures old and modern. It is a pity that a fund could not be raised by the connoisseurs and collectors of New York to pay Prof. Chatain to examine the collections of pictures constantly offered for sale in certain auction rooms in this country. The American critics have not had the opportunity for study, as a rule, which justifies them in calling themselves experts, and, although they are able very often to pronounce certain glaring examples forgeries, or at least doubtful, they often deceive themselves, and the dealers in spurious pictures have come to feel independent of their adverse criticism or denunciations. Prof. Chatain, who has made a life study, with the pictures themselves, of old and modern masters, is not likely to be deceived, and a certificate from him after examination of a collection or a picture will be exceedingly valuable. The collector says:

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Lectors have engaged Prof. Chatain to expert their entire collections, and that they will then have catalogues prepared after the manner in vogue in Paris, where the expert's name appears on the title page and is a guarantee of the authentic character of the pictures catalogued. This is an excellent idea, and should do much to disarm ignorant criticism, which too frequently aims to usurp the functions of the expert. There is more need of such an overhauling of collections in this than in any other country in the world. Foreigners say that our private and public collections teem with forgeries, 'duffers,' and copies, and that what we need is a whole regiment of experts to correct this state of affairs and to protect a public that is willing to pay the most generous prices offered in the history of art if assured of the genuineness of its purchases. I know of one very splendid collection that has cost over \$1,000,000, in which at least a fifth of the pictures are not genuine and a tenth are misattributed."

An exhibition of dry points, monotypes in color, and drawings by August Koopman will open at the Keppel Gallery in East Sixteenth Street to-day and will remain there two weeks. Mr. Koopman displayed his work in this city some four or five years ago. He is a native of North Carolina, and since 1896 has been a regular exhibitor at the new Salon in Paris. Mr. Koopman's display will be followed at Keppel's by one of a number of drawings by Maxfield Parrish, which will be succeeded in turn by the annual exhibit of drawings by C. D. Gibson and one of some new dry points by M. Helieu.

W. L. Palmer, the colorist and the painter of the American Winter, has been traveling in Japan. He has painted a number of landscapes there which will be shown at the Avery Gallery this winter.

The San Francisco Art Association has been presented with a magnificent group of marble statuary, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker. The group, which is entitled "Fleeing from Pompeii," depicts a scene in the buried city during the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. A man supporting a woman who carries an infant is shown fleeing from the storm of ashes and lava. A cloak held over their heads partially protects them from the burning shower. The group is about 8 feet high. It stands on a pedestal upon whose sides are carved a succession of figures taken from the early Roman period. This piece of statuary, the original cost of which was \$20,000, is the work of M. Benzoni. It was done some twenty years ago, when the sculptor was at his best, and is modeled from the purest white marble.

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cent Trial.\*

Mr. Stevens, an observing and brilliant newspaper correspondent, favorably known as the author of "With Kitchener to Khartoum" and "The Land of the Dollar," has given his impressions of the recent court-martial in Rennes, together with a valuable appendix which contains the translations of many documents drawn from the official literature of the cause célèbre. If Mr. Stevens had stopped here, his book could, without exaggeration, be regarded as authoritative with the certainty of permanency. But he did not stop here. With the best intention possible he has led up to the trial in Rennes with a story of the case. Such a story is of course instructive for the reader who would fully comprehend what is to come. Unfortunately Mr. Stevens's introductory remarks misrepresent several important points and are teeming with errors of fact. Limitations of space will only permit us to mention a few of them.

On Page 10, in speaking of the revelations made at the Zola trial by Gen. de Pellieux, the author says: "But on the 17th (February, 1898,) Gen. de Pellieux came forward to the bar of the court and read the following letter from the secret dossier of the Dreyfus case." Then follows the text—an incorrect text, by the way—of the Henry forgery. But Gen. de Pellieux did nothing of the sort. He simply asserted that there was a letter in existence in which the name of Dreyfus appeared in full, and that he had seen it; and he then recited from memory two passages from it.

On Page 13 it is said that the police spy and forger, M. Lemerclier-Picard, "was found strangled in prison." This was not the case. The man was found strangled in his lodgings, probably murdered. On the same page there occurs this passage: "Finally, on Sept. 24, the Cour de Cassation was intrusted with the revision of the Dreyfus court-martial. Gen. Zurlinden, the new Minister of War, resigned at this decision." Gen. Zurlinden resigned Sept. 18, when the Government decided to refer the question of revision to a commission. The court was not "intrusted with the revision of the Dreyfus court-martial" until Sept. 26. Concerning the military and civil prosecutions of Lieut. Col. Picquart, described on the following page, the author curiously confounds one with the other.

On the following page it is stated: "On May 27 the court quashed the conviction of 1894." The correct date is June 3. The author then proceeds to enumerate ten grounds for quashing the verdict. It would be difficult to say where Mr. Stevens discovered the "ten grounds"; certainly they are not to be found in the text of the judgment of the court.

"The Story of the Case" passed, however, the reader enters upon pages of the most vivid description of persons and things. Here the author is thoroughly at home, for with an eager, graphic pen and in vibrating, nervous English he pictures the scenes at the trial in all their intensity of tragedy, pathos, and passion. These pictures have much human interest. We believe that they will survive most of the writings of a similar nature on the same theme. Mr. Stevens possesses a style of graphic power. His brief, full periods of thought are essentially French, but he writes with all the candor and sincerity of the Englishman.

The author's first impression of Dreyfus as the prisoner entered the court-room was as follows:

Then all saw him, and the whole hall broke into a gasp. There came in a little old man—an old, old man of thirty-nine. A middle-statured, thick-set, old man in the black uniform of the artillery; over the red collar his hair was gone white as silver, and on the temples, and at the back of the crown he was bald. As he turned to face the Judges there was a glimpse of a face both burned and pale—a rather broad, large-featured face, with a thrusting jaw and chin. It was not Jewish in expression until you saw it in profile. The eyes, under the glasses, were set a trifle close together, and not wholly sympathetic either; you might guess him hard, stubborn, cunning. But this is only guessing; what we did see in the face was suffering and effort—a misery hardly to be borne, and a tense, agonized striving to bear and to hide it. Here is a man, you would say, who has endured things unendurable, and just lives through—may be to endure more.

He walked up two steps to his seat with a gait full of resolve yet heavy, constrained, mechanical—such a gait as an Egyptian mummy might walk with if it came to life in its swathing grave-gloves. He saluted the President with a white-gloved hand took off his képi, sat down. An officer of gendarmes followed and sat down behind him. The Recorder, rising from beside the prosecuting officer, read out the general order constituting the court; then the white mustache twitched as the President, in a small voice, put a question to the prisoner. Another sudden stillness; then came the voice of Dreyfus. No one heard what he said—thin, sapless, split, it was such as might rustle from the lips of a corpse. What he had said was, "Alfred Dreyfus; Captain of Artillery; thirty-nine years." With these three common phrases he broke the silence of four and a half years. Nothing could be more formal, and yet, here, in the first five minutes of the trial was summed up the whole incredibly romantic history. Alfred Dreyfus—five years ago nobody knew there was such a name in the world; now, the leading comic singer of Paris, who was born with it, has changed it because it is too embarrassingly famous. Captain of artillery—and Generals who have lead armies in the presence of the enemy have lost their commands because of him. Thirty-nine years—and here were men who were known before he was born staking their ripe reputations for or against him.

Of Mercier, Mr. Stevens writes:

Mercier's personality strikes the note of the whole Dreyfus case. Looking at his back as he gave evidence—tall, straight, and slim—you could have called him sol-

dierly and suspected him stupid. On his face and neck the bronzed skin hangs loosely. There is neither depth of cranium nor height of forehead to hold a brain in. The eyes are slits with heavy curtained lids and bags beneath them that turn the drooping cheeks into caverns. A little mustache and beard frame thin lips that might be evil, sensuous, humorous, but could never be human. If you look at his head you think him a vulture; if at his face, you call him a mummy. He speaks in a slow, passionless monotone; his gestures are calculated to follow his words instead of proceeding as a Frenchman's should, along with them, on the same impulse. When he was interrupted by Casimir-Perier he persisted in his assertions with the dogged mumble of a schoolboy detected in a lie. As he sat and strove to wind the toils of treason round the prisoner he seemed as unmoved by hate as by pity; he accused him dully, as if repeating a lesson. Cold, deliberate, tortuous, thorough yet ineffective, verbose but not candid, battling bravely with native stupidity, truly believing himself to be doing God's work, fearless of responsibility, untouched by anger or pity, fear or hope either for others or for himself—Gen. Mercier was the very type and mirror of a Jesuit Grand Inquisitor.

The author's portrait of Lieut. Col. Picquart is a masterpiece of visualization:

His demeanor was not at all conciliatory. He approached with absolute calm on a face that bears no sign of passion either for good or evil, he looks—and looks as if he knows he looks—the embodiment of pure reason. He settled himself, very carefully and lengthily on the witness's chair, got his shoulder blades comfortably into the back, crossed his leg over his knee, and pulled down his trousers over his boot. Then he poured out a glass of water and laid both hands firmly on the table before him. He suggested that, while far from wishing to swagger, he knew he was the master of the situation. When he began to speak there was neither the ease of conversation nor the rhythm of declamation. You remember that he had been a professor at the Ecole de Guerre. It was a lecture, pure and simple, and the first word was as distinct and clear cut as the last. His whole demeanor said, "Now, gentlemen, I must ask you to listen to me. I shall take some time; but if you will only listen, you have now the chance of your lives to understand the Dreyfus case."

And then, without hesitation or confusion, Col. Picquart explained the Dreyfus case for seven hours and a half. It was a masterpiece of reasoning—the intellectual triumph of the trial. I should strongly advise the French War Office to make its peace with Col. Picquart, for he has a better head than all the Generals put together.

And thus opens the last scene that the author was to witness of the greatest

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drama of the age, which culminated in the deplorable tragedy of Sept. 9, 1890:

"In the name of the French people—" The hands of all the officers were at the salute, the rifles of the soldiers at the present. The President was dull-red above his white mustache, and his voice, hardly audible, seemed to come through a channel too small for it. The Judges—they had been out deliberating for an hour and a half—stood on either side quite still.

The audience, standing, too, was quite silent. The man in front of me—a man with a flat forehead and a curious bald head, in the shape of a sugarloaf—was trembling so violently that he had to hold himself up by the bench before him.

"The Council of War of the Tenth District, sitting—" His voice is strangled; you cannot hear. Presently comes something—"foreign power—war against France—delivering documents—borders—" That was the charge; now it is coming. Shaking hands make funnels of ears; breath catches; hearts catch and stand still. The thin voice pauses and for a moment is clear.

"By five votes to two—guilty." Ah! It burst from every part of the hall at once, half gasp, half sob—the sound with which men take wounds they half expected. Not a single word did any man articulate. Only that one choking shiver—the voice of souls that could find no words.

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